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It was Ferdy who brought the bride a nosegay, presenting it with an elegant bow.

Friday's Child

By . . .
GEORGETTE HEYER

"I'M going to marry the first girl I see," the impetuous young VISCOUNT ANTHONY SHERINGHAM tells his horrified mother and uncle HORACE PAULETT, as he flings out of his country home, Sheringham place, furiously angry, partly because beautiful ISABELLA MILBORNE has refused his offer of marriage, and still more because unless he marries he cannot have control of his estate for some years.

The first girl he sees happens to be HERO WANTAGE, his mischievous childhood playmate, who lives as a poor relation with her cousins, the BAGSHOTS, whose estate adjoins Sheringham Place.

As Sherry drives furiously past with JASON, his young groom, Hero hails him, and after a brief talk he staggers her by declaring that he will marry her.

Now read on:

MISS WANTAGE descended quickly from the garden wall into the lane beside the Viscount. Jason, who had led the horses up to them, regarded her fixedly, and then turned an inquiring eye upon his master.

"I'm taking this lady up to London, Jason," announced the Viscount.

"Ho!" said the faithful henchman. "Ho, you are, are you, guv'nor?"

"Yes, and what's more, I don't want a word said about it, mind that!"

"I can keep me chaffer close," replied Jason, with dignity, "but it queers me what your lay is this time!"

The Viscount tossed Miss Wantage up into the curricle, gathered the reins in his hand, and prepared to mount beside her. "I'm going to be married."

"You, never!" gasped Jason. "But she ain't the right one, guv'nor! Wait a bit, me lord, or next you'll be a-blamin' of me for letting you make off with the wrong gentry-mort!"

"Confound your impudence!" said the Viscount wrathfully. "You keep your nose out of my affairs! What are you laughing at, Hero?"

"I think he's so droll!" gurgled Miss Wantage. "What is a gentry-mort?"

"Heaven only knows! The fellow can't open his mouth without letting fall a lot of thieves' cant. Not fit for your ears at all. Stand away from their heads! All's right!"

The curricle moved forward. Jason sprang nimbly up behind, and said over the top of the lowered hood: "I'm not a-going to keep me sneezer out o' your affairs, guv'nor. Be you ee-loping?"

"Of course I'm not—Good Lord, so I am!" said his lordship, much struck.

"Because if you be," pursued Jason, "and if you don't wish no one to know nothing about it, that young gentry-mort didn't ought to be a-settin' up there beside you like she is."

"By Jove, he's in the right of it!" exclaimed the Viscount, reining in suddenly. "We shall have half the countryside blabbing that they saw you driving off with me! There's nothing for it; you'll have to sit on the floorboards and keep yourself hidden under the rug, Hero."

Her experience of life not having engendered in Hero any expectation of having either her dignity or her comfort much regarded, she made no objection to this proposal but curled up at the Viscount's feet and allowed him to cast the rug over her.

Since his method of driving was of the style known as neck-or-nothing, she was considerably jolted, but she made no complaint, merely clasping her arms round the Viscount's top-boots and pressing her cheek against the side of his knee. In this fashion they covered the next few miles.

Please turn to page 4

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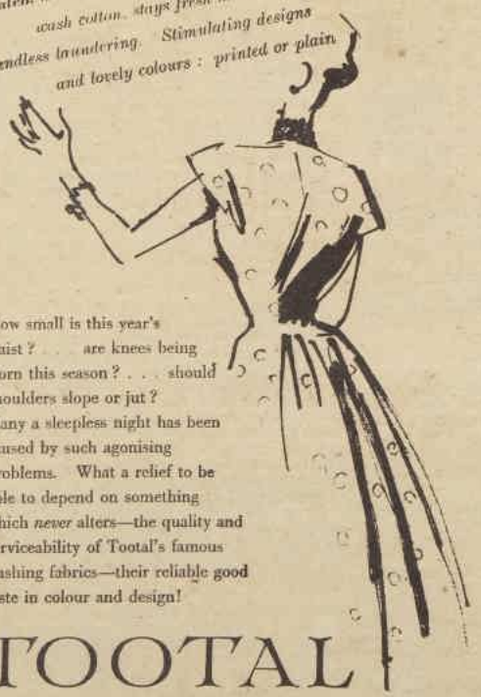

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Friday's Child

Continued from page 3

PULLING up beyond the second toll-gate, the Viscount gave it as his opinion that they were now reasonably safe from any chance encounter with persons who might recognise them.

"I don't mind staying where I am if you think it would be better for me to do so, Sherry," Hero assured him.

"Yes, but you're giving me a cramp in my left leg," said the single-minded Viscount. "Get up, brat, and for the lord's sake smooth your hair! You look the most complete romp!"

Miss Wantage did her best to comply with this direction, but without any marked degree of success. Fortunately, the exigencies of the particular mode of hairdressing affected by his lordship obliged him to carry a comb upon his person. He produced this, dragged it through the soft, tangled curls, tied the hood-strings under Hero's chin, and, after a critical survey, said that it would answer well enough.

Miss Wantage smiled trustfully up at him, and the Viscount made a discovery. "You look just like a kitten!"

She laughed. "No, do I, Sherry?"

"Yes, you do. I think it's your silly little nose," said the Viscount, flicking it with a careless fore-finger. "That, or the trick you have of staring at a fellow with your eyes wide open. I think I shall call you Kitten. It suits you better than Hero, which I always thought a nonsensical name for a girl."

"Oh, it is the greatest affliction to me!" she exclaimed. "It's from Shakespeare, you know, and I do wish my parents had not chosen it. I would much rather you should call me Kitten."

"Very well, that's settled. What we have to do now," said Sherry, giving his horses the office to start again, "is to decide what the devil I'm to do with you when I get you to London."

"You said you would buy me some new clothes," Hero reminded him, not without a touch of anxiety.

"I'll do that, of course, but the thing that's worrying me a trifle is where you are to sleep to-night," confessed Sherry. "We shan't have time to be married to-day, you know."

"No, not if we are to go shopping," agreed Hero. "I could come home with you, couldn't I?"

"No, certainly not! Wouldn't do at all!" responded Sherry decidedly. "Besides, I haven't a home. I mean, I live in a lodging. I suppose I could take you to Sheringham House, but I shouldn't think you'd be very comfortable there, with only old Varley and his wife in charge of the place, and everything under holland covers."

"Oh, no! Please don't take me there!" begged Hero, quite daunted by such a prospect.

Jason, who had been listening with the greatest interest to the conversation, interposed at this point to give it as his opinion that nothing could be more prejudicial to the smooth conduct of the elopement than for Varley, whom he described as a tattling old chub, to get wind of the lay.

The Viscount realised that these strictures on an old family retainer had their origin in Varley's discovery of an attempted theft by Jason of his watch-and-chain, some months previously.

"And that puts me in mind of something I forgot!" he exclaimed, turning his head over his shoulder. "Dashed if I wasn't in such a pucker when I left home that it went clean out of my head! I don't know what you stole while we were there, but you can't have been two days in the place without biting something. Hand it over!"

"Keep your glims on the road, guv'nor, keep your glims on the road!" Jason besought him. "I never mills any ken of yours! I never did, nor I never will!"

"Jason!" said his lordship, in minatory accents.

The Tiger gave a sniff. "I forked a couple of meggs from the tallow-faced old cull," he admitted sulkily. "He never tipped me a Jack, he didn't."

"Do you mean you filched a couple of guineas from my uncle?" demanded Sherry.

"Well, how was I to know you didn't want him forked?" asked Jason. "You never said nothing to me about it, guv'nor, nor I didn't think he was a friend o' yourn!"

"Oh, well, if that's all, there's no harm done!" said Sherry cheerfully. "Not but what it was probably my money, if we only knew."

"Does he always steal things, Sherry?" whispered Hero, round-eyed.

"Oh, yes, always! He can't help it, you know."

"But is it not very awkward?"

"No, it doesn't worry me," Sherry replied simply. "Never takes anything of mine. It used to be a devilish nuisance when he would keep on forking my friends—he had my cousin Ferdy's watch five times before I broke him of it—but he don't do that now, and in any event most people know that if they lose anything when they've been with me they only have to tell me about it. Always hands over the booty if I ask him for it.

"That reminds me! Hi, Jason! Don't you dare steal anything from this lady! Mind, now! I'll turn you off without a character if she misses so much as a handkerchief!"

"You wouldn't never, guv'nor!" gasped the Tiger, horrified.

"Well, no," admitted Sherry. "I dare say I wouldn't. But I'd break every bone in your body, so don't you forget it!"

This merciful mitigation of the threat appeared to relieve the Tiger's mind. He heaved a sigh and very handsomely offered to allow himself to be nibbled to death by ducks if he should so far forget himself as to take even a pin from his prospective mistress.

The Viscount, accepting this assurance, told Miss Wantage that she might rest at ease. "Matter of fact, I don't suppose he would think of robbing you," he confided. "Still, we may as well be on the safe side."

> *"Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at the door."* —Charles Lamb

He was silent for a while, thinking hard. "You know," he said at length, "it's my belief, Kitten, I'd best take you to Grillon's."

"Had you, Sherry? Where is that?"

"Albermarle Street. It's a hotel. Devilish flat and respectable, but that can't be helped."

"Will you stay with me there?" Hero asked, a little nervously.

"Good heavens, no! That would mean the devil to pay! We shall have enough to do as it is concocting some kind of a tale to account for a chit of your age jauntering about without a chaperon or an abigail. Yes, by George, and you haven't any trunks, either! Grillon's will never take you in without! Why didn't I think of that before?"

"That's just like you, Sherry," observed Miss Wantage patiently. "You never would pay the least heed to anything I said, and then you blamed me when things went awry! Always! You know very well I asked you to let me pack a portmanteau. Now what shall we do?"

"Well, it can't be helped. And I never said a word of blame—not one!"

"No, but you were just about to," replied Hero with a mischievous look. "I know you, Sherry!"

He grinned. "Little cat! I'll tell you what we shall do. We'll drive straight to my lodging; send my man Bootle out to buy your trunks; take a hackney to Bond Street; purchase what you stand in need of for the night; take everything back to my lodging; pack 'em up; and drive off to Grillon's with 'em." He thought a minute.

"I shall say you're my sister—no, that won't do; ten to one they know I haven't got a sister! I'll say you're my cousin. Going back to school in Bath. Come up from Kent—that's true enough!—spending the night in London—I promised I'd meet you—abigail broke her leg getting out of the chaise—taken to hospital—no female relative in town—what am I to do? Nothing for it, of course! Take you to a respectable hotel! Couldn't be better!"

Miss Wantage having no fault to find with this scheme, the rest of the journey was pleasantly beguiled by elaborating the Viscount's ingenious story, filling in a few details, and laughing heartily over the approaching discomfiture of their respective relations.

All in all, Miss Wantage was in a very sunny mood when she presently jumped down from the curricle outside the Viscount's lodging.

His lordship's valet, Bootle, was of necessity a long-suffering and phlegmatic personage, but the sudden arrival of his master, with a shabby young lady on his arm, palpably shook his iron calm. By the time he had grasped that he beheld his future mistress, he had schooled his countenance into an expression of one inured to calamity, and expectant of any outrage.

When he learned that he was to sally forth immediately, to procure such baggage as was suited to a lady of quality, his feelings were only betrayed by the faintness of the voice in which he uttered the words: "Very good, my lord!"

The Viscount conveyed Miss Wantage to a mantua-maker's establishment in Bond Street, where he was not unknown. Here, after a few moments' brief colloquy with the astonished proprietress, he handed Miss Wantage over, to be fitted out as became her station.

Nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of these proceedings, except a slight contretemps arising out of Miss Wantage's burning desire for a very dashing confection of sea-green gauze, with silver ribbons, and the Viscount's flat refusal to permit her to wear any garment so outrageously unsuited to a young lady supposedly on her way to a select seminary in Bath.

Eventually the betrothed couple returned to the Viscount's lodgings. Miss Wantage in a state of inarticulate bliss, and her cavalier divided between amusement at her pleasure in her first new gown, and a strong inclination for his dinner. Bootle having proved himself worthy of his trust, nothing further remained to do but to pack the various purchases in two neat trunks, and to summon another hackney to convey them to Grillon's Hotel.

Seated in this homely vehicle, Miss Wantage slipped a small, gloved hand into Sherry's, and said in a quivering voice: "Thank you, Sherry! Oh, I wish I could tell you——! You see, no one has ever given me anything before!"

"Poor little soul!" said his lordship, patting her in a friendly way. "There, don't cry! You may have anything you like now, you know. Anything except that shocking hat with the purple feathers, that is! Mind, you're not to buy that to-morrow, Kitten! I shall have it taken straight back, if you do!"

"No, Sherry, I promise I won't," said Miss Wantage submissively.

. . . . . .

Upon the following morning, not very much after ten o'clock, two young gentlemen sat at breakfast together in the front parlor of a house in Stratton Street. The apartment, which was the lodging of Mr. Gilbert Ringwood, bore all the signs of being a bachelor abode, the furniture being old-fashioned, and designed rather for comfort than for elegance.

In the centre of the room stood an oblong table, spread with a white cloth, and laid with such dishes as might be supposed likely to tempt the appetites of Mr. Ringwood and his boon companion, the Honorable Ferdinand Fakenham. These, however, were poor.

It had actually not been from any fixed design that the Honorable Ferdinand had spent the night on the sofa in his friend's lodging.

An evening whiled away at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, had engendered in him an affection for Mr. Ringwood that led him to accompany this gentleman back to Stratton Street, in preference to directing his erratic footsteps in the direction of his parental home in Cavendish Square.

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A pilot's place was in the air, he thought . . . but his wife soon found a way to bring him down to earth.

By HAL G. EVARTS

"What are you doing here?" Phil asked Ronnie angrily, as she came up with Wal.

His feet on the ground

PHIL walked away from the plane slowly, almost reluctantly, across the concrete hangar floor towards the office, knowing the same deep satisfaction that marked the end of every flight.

The smells of grease and gasoline and of cooling metal were familiar companionable smells, as much a part of it as the first glimpse of the dusty field and the orange checkerboard roofs when he circled for a landing.

A Piper trainer coughed on the strip outside, skimming down the runway, and he paused and followed the wings until they lost themselves against the brassy afternoon sun. It was good to be back.

The mechanic grinned as he passed, and said, "Hello, Mr. Blackburn. Have a nice trip?" He nodded and said, "Good trip, thanks, Eddie."

That, too, was part of it, the little ritual of greeting, meaningless in itself, but he was conscious in an indefinable but positive way of some thread of continuity between himself and his work and what was past. It was good to be back, because tomorrow or the next day he would be gone again.

Through an open window Phil could see a segment of the parking lot in front, and his wife standing beside the car.

When she honked the horn he returned her wave with a stir of guilt, realising that his first concern had been not for her, but for the plane, and that he had not thought of her at all for some time.

But then, he told himself, she was a flier's wife and she understood. She accepted their separations now as she had accepted the longer ones before, and he felt quietly grateful and touched that she was waiting to meet him.

"I'll be out in a minute," he called, and smiled to himself in anticipation, recalling the surprise he had planned.

As he pushed through the doorway the picture of her lingered warm and clear in his mind, like a well-remembered landscape, somehow complete and right and altogether necessary. That she was there, that she was there always, was the best of each return.

Wal Conger, the manager, shoved aside a pile of logbooks and said, "Well, well, if it isn't the Lochinvar of the airways. How was it this time?"

Phil swung one leg over the edge of the desk. The office was like all the offices of all the small-town airports everywhere, lined with aviation pictures and magazines, cluttered with the daily routine.

"Okay," he said. "We had smooth weather all the way in."

Wal said, "You look tired, Phil. Too much night life?"

Phil grinned. He didn't play around and he wasn't tired. He was keyed up, possibly, after ten hours straight behind the stick, but a night's sleep would take care of that.

"Never felt better," he said. "You still have that box I asked you to keep?"

"In the safe," Wal said. He relit his pipe and eyed Phil steadily across the flame of the match. "Marcus wants to buy your ship."

"I just finished paying it off," Phil said. "She's not for sale."

Wal nodded. "But you know Marcus. He has business interests all over the country. When he goes somewhere he's in a hurry."

Phil's mouth set in a stubborn line. They had thrashed this out before, and he felt the discontent seeping into him and spoiling the friendly casual banter that went with Wal and getting home.

"There's no use discussing it again," he said. "You know how I feel."

"I know. I used to feel the same way." Wal leaned back in his swivel chair and blew a curl of smoke towards the ceiling. He said good-naturedly, "The reason I brought it up is that I have to renew my lease next week. I thought maybe you were ready to come in with me."

Phil stared out the window. A wind sock hung limp from its standard, and the common sounds of the place drifted in to him with flat monotony. He had driven himself for months to buy and fix up the four-place cabin coupe. If he sold it now and bought in with Wal his job would be to instruct.

With 39 combat missions to his credit he would be teaching kids and women how to fly.

"It's no gold mine," Wal went on. "Nothing spectacular, but we can build up a solid little business. Besides students, there's rental space and equipment sales and what local charter hauls we pick up."

Phil grunted. "Thanks. But I'm not cut out for that." He stood up impatiently, anxious to get away and meet his wife.

"You can't be a one-man airline forever," Wal told him. He knelt beside the desk and twirled the dial on an old-fashioned iron safe. "You're no spring chicken."

He watched the wrinkles on the back of Wal's neck. He and Wal had flown together in the same Air Force, but already he had come to think of Wal as middle-aged.

"Some of the best transport pilots are nearly 40," he said.

Wal straightened with a small package wrapped in plain brown paper and balanced it in his palm.

"A few, maybe," he answered. "But they have co-pilots and crews and the best equipment money can buy. You have a sweet fast little ship, but that's all you have got. One of these days you'll burn something out."

Phil jammed the package in his coat pocket. He had intended to unwrap it for Wal's approval, but now he was irritated; irritated with Wal and with himself for letting things drift into the same dead end.

"At least I get some fun out of my job," he said sharply.

"You talk like a man with a guilty conscience," Wal said. Someone shouted his name and insistent voices buzzed beyond the door. He glanced at his watch. "Got a class. Give my love to Ronnie."

Phil watched him go, laughing and joking with a group of teen-age girls and women in slacks, and he shook his head. Running an airport might be all right for Wal Conger, but not for him. When he got too old to fly he'd quit for good. He'd never hang around the fringes like a racehorse turned out to pasture.

He walked towards the car with long, brisk strides, his eyes fixed on Ronnie. She stood outlined against the field, a tall, slender brunette in sweater and tweed skirt, and he thought approvingly that she belonged in that setting.

She ran to him and he swung her off the ground and gave her a long kiss, surprised that her lips were trembling.

"You're late," she said. "One hour and 13 minutes and 22 seconds late."

"A little engine trouble," he said. "Nothing serious. You didn't worry, did you?"

Ronnie lowered her eyes. "No," she said slowly. "No, I don't worry. Why should I?"

He helped her into the coupe, eased behind the wheel, and pulled away towards town, listening to Ronnie's bright chatter beside him.

It was as though he had never been away—easy and comfortable, just as he wanted it to be—and he let the mood wash over him and erase the annoyance of his conversation with Wal. That was a nice thing about Ronnie; she could pick up the loose ends where they had left off, go forward in the same effortless groove till next time.

"Do you want to swing by the house now," she was saying, "or wait and see it to-morrow?"

"House?" he said absently. "What house?"

RONNIE frowned. "I might have known you were still off in the wild blue yonder," she said.

"As a matter of fact," Phil told her, "I was thinking about you."

"Well, that's something," she said. "But this bungalow will be up for sale soon. Didn't you get my letter in Montreal?"

"I remember." He didn't remember any mention of a bungalow, and he said cautiously, "But what's wrong with the apartment?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. But I thought we might like to own a place for a change."

His grip tightened on the wheel. They were rolling through the outskirts down a residential avenue lined with elm trees, and the lawns made a solid carpet of green on either side.

"We don't want to tie ourselves down just yet," he said. "We have plenty of time."

Ronnie smiled at him brightly. "Sometimes I think I married a 12-cylinder engine," she said.

He chuckled and patted her hand appreciatively. He could count on her to see his viewpoint. She was calm and levelheaded, free of unpredictable emotional kinks. She was the kind of a wife a flier needed.

He stopped in front of the duplex and they walked upstairs into the cool dim living-room. She raised the Venetian blinds, letting the sun shaft through while he stood in the centre of the carpet, blinking at the bowl of Iceland poppies on the table and the evening paper set out beside his favorite armchair.

"I miss this place when I'm gone," he said, rather apologetically.

Ronnie dropped her hand to his arm. "Phil, you'll be here a while this time?"

"Haven't a thing lined up," he told her. "Probably nobody will call for a week."

Fingering the package in his pocket, he debated when to give it to her. It was a design of his own, something he'd had made to order, and he wanted the time and the place to be right. To-night, he decided, and went on into the bathroom.

He relaxed under a long, hot shower, soaking the tautness out of his body. Rubbed down and dressed again in sports jacket and flannels, he noticed that she had unpacked his pigskin bag and put it away out of sight.

The gesture reminded him of their early married days, the precious overnights and week-end leaves together, when they had lived from hour to hour with a lift and excitement that was somehow lacking now.

Impulsively he called to Ronnie in the kitchenette, "Where do you want to go to-night?"

She looked up from the stove. "Go? You just got back."

"We could have dinner in town and take in a show. I thought maybe you'd like to get away."

"That's funny," she said. Her face was blank. "I thought maybe you'd like to stay at home."

Phil shrugged. He hesitated a moment, and then walked over to the couch and sat down uneasily. For some reason his suggestion had been wrong, but it was unlike Ronnie to be so emphatic, and when she came in to join him he said, "Tell me about yourself. What've you been doing?"

"What have I been doing?" She stared at him. "Phil, do you feel all right?"

"Certainly I feel all right," he said stiffly.

"Wal thinks you're working too hard."

"We'll leave Wal and my health out of this," he snorted. "I just asked a simple question."

"But you've never asked me that before. Why, I keep house and do the marketing. One afternoon a week I play bridge. And if I feel strenuous I take a golf lesson at the club. Sounds dull, doesn't it?" she added quietly.

Phil frowned and walked across the room for an ash-tray. The same faint doubt that had touched him earlier returned, persistent and disturbing. It was not what she had implied or even what she left unsaid that puzzled him, but for the first time he had the sensation of being judged in some subtle and provocative way.

"You're restless," he told her. "You've been cooped up in one place too long."

"Go on," she said. "I'm listening."

"How about making the next hop with me?" he said abruptly.

Please turn to page 26

Found! The secret of fine floors and furniture — Johnson's Liquid or Paste Wax — a full pound in every tin.

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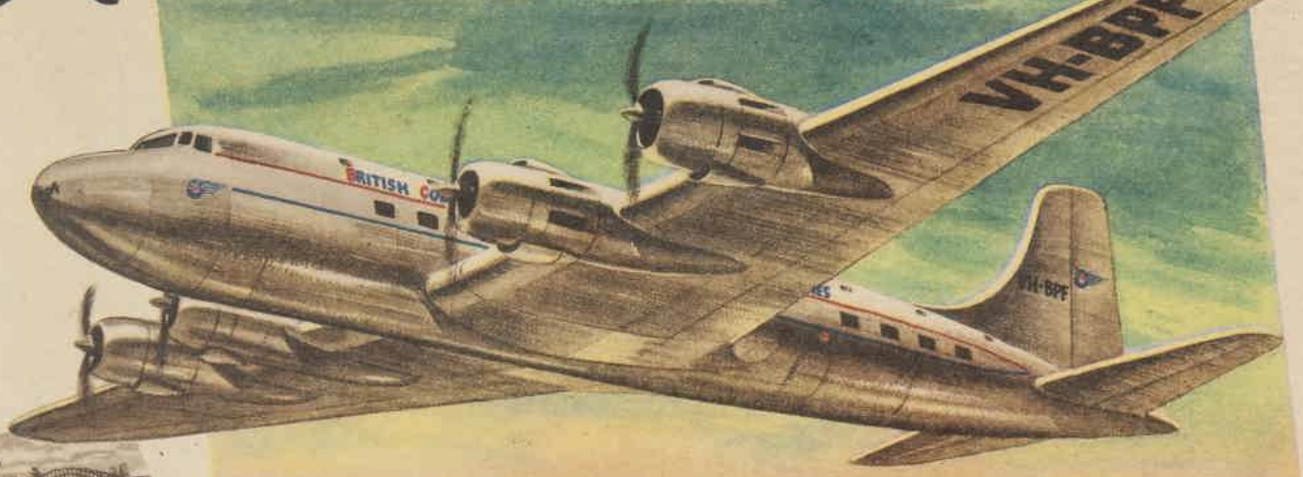

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THE BOY FROM DOWN THE ROAD

By RODERICK LULL

WHEN Hayes came out of the house, the boy was standing by the kennel, staring through the heavy galvanised iron wire that enclosed the dog run. He wasn't bothering anything; he was just standing there, his eyes on Lady and her litter.

He wore a tattered sweater too big for him, broken shoes, and dirty, patched trousers. He heard Hayes and swung quickly around. The eyes met his own, level and unquestioning, and Hayes thought that if his own son had lived he'd be about this boy's age now, about ten. Only he'd be properly dressed and decently filled out . . .

Hayes said, "You want something, boy?"

"No." The voice was steady. "I just wanted to look at the dogs."

There was nothing humble about him, Hayes thought, and there was nothing bold either. He just said what he had to say. Hayes wondered who he was.

Beyond the fence, Lady made welcoming sounds; Hayes smiled at her and whistled softly. She was a fine black-and-white springer spaniel, and she'd borne a superb litter of eight pups.

Hayes turned to the boy again. "You live around here?" he asked.

The boy straightened his shoulders and looked straight into Hayes' face.

"My name's Bob Crawford," he said clearly. "Andy Crawford's my father."

"Crawford," Hayes said.

He'd heard the man had a son, but this was the first time he'd seen him. He knew now why the boy's clothes were so poor, why he had that under-fed look. Crawford was an habitual drunkard, and a petty thief.

He and his family had moved into a long-abandoned house adjoining Hayes' property. He'd given Hayes a little trouble once, stealing timber, and Hayes had caught him.

But Hayes hadn't turned him over to the sheriff. He'd just taken him by the shoulders, shaken him until his stained teeth rattled, and told him to keep off his property from now on. That was all. And that, Hayes was certain, was enough.

And this was Crawford's son. Hayes turned away from him and unlocked the gate to the run. The sons of people like Crawford grew up to become criminals or wards of the community. The son of Hayes, who would have gone to the university and amounted to something in the world, had died.

That wasn't a fair thing to think, perhaps, but it wasn't a fair world.

Lady lifted her head to be stroked, and the pups tumbled about his feet. Hayes stooped and let them lick his hands and jump at his face.

The boy said, "I guess one of those pups would cost a lot."

Hayes straightened and faced him once more. The boy was looking at the litter and his eyes were fever bright. He knew that the boy was desperately anxious to be asked to come inside the run and play with the pups. But once you started that, with a Crawford——

Hayes said, "Sometimes they do. Sometimes not so much. But I'm very particular who buys my dogs. Very particular."

Color came into the boy's face, then ebbed. He turned quickly and walked away.

During the following week Hayes kept remembering the boy. It was involuntary and irritating. The boy was gone, the chances were he'd never come back, and that was all to the good. It would be better still if Crawford and all his dubious tribe got out of the district.

Then, at the end of the week, the boy returned. Hayes was preparing to clean the kennel when he appeared. He had a small package in his hand.

"I wanted to see the dogs," he said. "I brought something to give them, if it's all right." His eyes were bright with eagerness, but the voice was cautious.

"What'd you bring?" Hayes was sorry for the words as soon as they were spoken. He should have told the boy gruffly that his dogs had everything they needed. But the words had been said, and it was too late.

The boy unwrapped his package and displayed an unsavory sandwich made of bread and odds and ends of fat meat. He held it out for Hayes' inspection, and a worried look touched his face.

"It's not much," he said. "But I thought they might like it."

Hayes imagined the kind of kitchen the sandwich had come from. Perhaps it was the boy's lunch. In any case, it obviously represented the best he could provide.

"No," Hayes said. "That's not good for dogs. They have special food."

The boy rewrapped the sandwich and put it into his trousers pocket. He didn't argue; he just accepted what Hayes had said, then stood there, looking from Hayes to Lady and her litter and back again. In a moment, Hayes thought, he'd leave. He'd been rebuffed; certainly he could see he wasn't wanted here. In a moment——

Hayes said, "Look. If you want to feed the dogs, you can give them some biscuits. Come on in."

The boy seemed to grow taller, straighter. He said softly, "Thanks," and walked into the run. The pups swarmed around him, squeaking and tumbling with pleasure, and Lady lifted her fine head to be stroked.

Hayes got a bag of dog biscuits from the locker and handed it to the boy, who said again, "Thanks." He gave a biscuit to each of the pups and then fed Lady. He touched one and then another, delicately, and Hayes knew that for this brief moment the boy and the dogs were entirely alone together.

"Only two each," Hayes said. "They'll eat themselves sick if you let 'em."

The boy nodded, but his eyes never left the dogs.

Hayes went into the kennel house and started to work. He was being a fool, of course. He'd done the worst thing possible—encouraged the boy. Now he'd have a Crawford underfoot all the time. The boy would have a chance to steal, and in all probability would. Like father, like son—that was an ancient and irrefutable truth. If his own son had lived——

The boy came into the kennel house and returned the bag of dog biscuits to the locker. "I'd like to help," he said. "I can clean good."

It could do no harm, Hayes thought. He'd gone this far, unwisely, and another step wouldn't matter. "If you like," he said.

The boy worked well. He swept and mopped, and when he was through he put the tools carefully away in their proper places. He went into the run and pointed to a brown-and-white pup.

"That's the one I'd pick," he said.

Hayes smiled. This pup seemed to be the choice of the litter.

"Why?"

The boy made a little gesture. "I don't know. But he's the one I'd pick."

"We agree, then. I'm keeping him for myself." He picked up the pup and smoothed the soft coat. Then, almost without thought, he handed the pup to the boy. "Did you ever have a dog?"

It was a long time before the boy answered. He put the pup down with immense care, supporting its small body evenly with his hands. "Once," he said.

"What happened to him?"

The boy looked away, past the fence and the road. "He ran away," he said harshly. "That's what he did—he ran away."

Hayes had an idea what the truth of the matter might be. His father had probably abused the dog, perhaps taken it away and abandoned it. A dog ate food. A dog cost money.

"I see," Hayes said. "Well, perhaps you'll get another some day."

The boy snapped his head around, his eyes bright.

"I want to," he said, spacing the words carefully. "I was thinking that maybe some time I might get a dog and I could find a good place to keep him. I could maybe pay somebody to keep him for me. And when I couldn't pay I could work." He drew a long breath. "I was thinking of that," he finished.

Hayes shrugged noncommittally. He walked out of the run with the boy following and closed the gate. He snapped the padlock shut. "Thanks for helping me to clean up."

"I liked it," the boy said. "It was fun." Then, without saying goodbye, he turned abruptly and walked away.

After the boy had disappeared, Hayes walked over to a point where he could see the road. The boy came into sight, then sat down on a stump and ate the sandwich he'd offered to give the dogs.

Hayes went slowly back to the house. He sat down with a magazine and leafed through it, but he couldn't seem to find anything interesting.

The boy came again a few days later. Then he began coming almost daily, at the same hour, to see the dogs. He wanted to work in return for the privilege, and he was careful not to abuse the small degree of hospitality Hayes offered.

One day he didn't come, and Hayes found himself missing him. He even worried, wondering if he might be sick, then told himself angrily not to be a fool.

Next day, the boy appeared at the usual time. He looked tired. He greeted Hayes with even-voiced courtesy, then said anxiously, "I couldn't come yesterday. I wanted to, but there was something I had to do."

Hayes nodded. He wondered curiously what that something had been, but he couldn't ask.

"I didn't want you to think I was getting out of the work," the boy went on. "I just couldn't come."

Hayes smiled. "You've no obligation to work here."

"But I want to," the boy said. Then he turned to the dogs and that was the end of the matter.

Please turn to page 20

"They'll eat themselves sick if you let 'em," Hayes said to the boy.

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Career Woman

By ELEANOR GILCHRIST

LETA CHURCH breakfasted in her bedroom, asked her maid to pack a suitcase for three days, then tip-toed past the closed door of her mother's room, hoping to get away unperceived. It was a vain hope, however.

"Leta, dear!" Mrs. Church called.

Leta poked her head in the door. "Morning, Mother," she said. "I'm in a rush to get to the office."

Mrs. Church, a plump, pink-cheeked woman with young-looking brown eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, glanced up from her paper. "I've definitely decided that you ought to let Charlie Maybrook go with you to Pittsburgh," she announced.

Leta turned ingenuous blue eyes on her mother. She was a small, deceptively gentle-looking girl. "You have, have you?" she inquired.

"After all, he is the president of Lynn and Maybrook," Mrs. Church pointed out. "He has a perfect right to be at the opening of his new branch store."

"The Pittsburgh store was my idea," Leta said loftily, "and I'm taking full responsibility for it."

"Your promotion has gone to your head," Mrs. Church said censoriously. "I don't know what got into the board of directors—voting you that big salary and letting you go ahead with your hare-brained schemes. No woman of thirty is worth all that money. Besides, Charlie told me that Pittsburgh is a hard town to crack, and he's worried about opening a store there."

"Charlie has complete confidence in me."

"His devotion to you must have addled his wits. Remember when you got the store into trouble with those peculiar window displays? And the time you had the main floor sprayed with perfume and the men customers had some difficulty explaining it to their wives?"

"I haven't time to listen to a resume of all my mistakes," Leta said, edging out the door.

"You certainly haven't. I think you're making a serious one—having show girls at your opening — especially that Edith Mervale. You'll need Charlie to keep her in line. She struck me as being a man's woman."

"She struck me that way, too," Leta agreed, "so I thought Charlie would be just as well off at home."

"If you paid more attention to your grooming, you wouldn't have to worry about Edith Mervale. Please have your hair done to-day, dear. No girl looks pretty when she isn't neat, particularly after she's past her first flush of youth."

"I'm not worried about Mervale," Leta said indignantly, closing the door behind her.

She was studying some blueprints in her large, business-like office when the store decorator dropped in to recommend a decor in keeping with her new position.

"Go away and annoy the customers," Leta said absently. "I'm going to Pittsburgh on the midnight, and the new store opens on Monday. After that, you may do your worst."

"Now, you mustn't worry about the opening, Leta," he said soothingly. "I understand you're offering every attraction short of dancing bears."

"I'm having a parade of show girls, including Edith Mervale. Charlie Maybrook might not thank you for classifying her with dancing bears. She's a friend of his. Or so she says."

"She's quite a number. I'm sure the public will come, out of curiosity. But perhaps you're wise not to make any changes here until you know." He drifted out.

"Did you get the impression he was wishing me luck, Carol?" Leta asked her secretary.

"You weren't very tactful," Carol said. "There's a call for you. It's that nice Mr. Wrenn again. Couldn't you give him just a ten-minute interview?"

"Tell Mr. Wrenn, again, if he doesn't stop annoying me I'll call the police."

"You'd like him," Carol said. "He's really quite attractive. You see, he's been up here every day this week hoping to catch you. He's not handsome, but he has a nice personality. I mean he's——"

"If he comes up here again I'll set the dogs on him," Leta said.

Carol, who did her best to inject a little suavity into her boss' public relations, delivered a modified version of this message.

"She doesn't mean a word she says," John broke in hastily, as Edith turned angrily towards Leta.

"He agrees that there's no point in another story about you," she told Leta, "after all the magazine articles that have appeared lately. But his editor insists on it. He says he's going to have a terrible time digging up a new angle."

"Fine," Leta said cordially.

"Miss Church is terribly sorry," Carol said into the phone, "but she's very busy, as she's going out of town to-night . . . He wants to interview me about you," she said to Leta.

"Well, you give him a new angle. Tell him I go up and down the escalators on skis. Tell him my hobby is operating a lizard hatchery."

Please turn to page 29

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12 GOOD REASONS
why you need 'ASPRO'
MORE THAN EVER IN SUMMER

FLING OFF HEADACHES *without after-effects*

When you relieve a headache the 'Aspro' way it's TRUE relief! There are no hazy, dizzy, giddying after-effects to spoil your day—right away you are back in the fun as full of zest and as clear-headed as ever. Fling off summer headaches with 'Aspro'!

Soothe away HEAT AND HUMIDITY IRRITABILITY

Irritability is part of most heat and humidity troubles. By ridding yourself of irritability with the s-o-o-thing action of 'Aspro' you restore calmness and serenity to really enjoy the heat. Never be without 'Aspro' when it's hot or humid.

CONQUER HEAT EXHAUSTION *in a natural way*

The nervy, "washed up," exhausted feeling so prevalent in summer is not overcome by stimulation. That's false—just like using up to-morrow's energy today. In the summer you need to CONSERVE energy—You need to keep calm and steady while energy builds up in a natural way. 'Aspro'—the great soother—will bring you the calm and comfort you need.

S-L-E-E-P ! THROUGH THE HOTTEST NIGHTS *Keep up VIGOUR!*

Sleep to schedule! Maintain health, strength, vigour! 'Aspro' induces sweet, restful slumber and because it has no after effects you waken thoroughly refreshed!

HOT WEATHER HOUSEWORK 'BLUES'

When housework tells and you feel jaded and nerve-racked try this—'ASPRO' AND A CUP OF TEA. The tea cools you—the 'Aspro' soothes and calms you. It's a wonderful combination every housewife should know.

SUDDEN CHANGES *Beware!*

Those sudden weather changes in summer can bring colds just as serious as in winter. Be on guard all the time. That means have your 'Aspro' ready for emergency. Remember, too, 'Aspro' makes a splendid gargle for sore throats.

ENJOY THE SUN! *Stop Sunburn pain & other sun troubles*

Ease Sunburn Pain. Get relief from overheating and feverishness too, with the anti-pyretic (fever reducing) properties of 'Aspro'! Every time you go out to enjoy the sun take 'Aspro' with you and be on the safe side.

DRIVE IN PLEASURE *Steady nerves! Ease Strain!*

Keeping eyes glued to the road can be nerve-racking. Even as a passenger you can easily develop "car headache" and other discomforts. 'Aspro' can help you over such troubles, swiftly, soothingly. Always keep 'Aspro' in the car pocket.

WHEN PAINS AND BACKACHES COME . . . .

'Aspro' is every woman's friend not only because it stops the pain, but because it does so without after-effects. This wonderful advantage of 'Aspro' enables every busy woman to get relief and carry on as usual—no slowing up, no dizziness, no feeling of depression.

WHEN THE KIDDIES ARE PEEVISH

Most of the minor troubles that make the kiddies peevish—and make them a trial to you—are easily soothed away with 'Aspro.' A most comforting thought is, that because it is so SAFE, 'Aspro' can be given according to directions, to children of any age, as often as necessary without the slightest fear.

STOP SUNGLARE HEAD-PAINS

When glare makes your head throb and throb, remember the swift pain-stopping action of 'Aspro'. There's nothing half-hearted about the way 'Aspro' works—the most trying sunglare headaches are swiftly soothed away.

'ASPRO' THE MOST PRECIOUS ITEM IN YOUR HOLIDAY CASE

There's no need to mention the dozens of ways 'Aspro' can help you at holiday time. But there IS need to remind you to make quite certain you include a packet—or better still a large bottle (100 tablets) for 4/-)—in your holiday case.

SAFETY FIRST! 'Aspro' does not harm the HEART OR STOMACH

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Mary Haddens' Paris Notes

WHEN you find a good design for a nightgown you will find it equally good for a slip, as shown at right and at right below. Other ideas in these sets are the rucked bolero with flounce of the same material; pants for under full skirts with bands of fine pin-tucks around the legs; fine pin-tucking and ribbons as trimming instead of expensive lace; scanties made very easily out of two triangles of material joined at either side.

● Use bands of satin ribbon embroidered with roses, at left, to trim nightgown bodice.

● Charming teenagers' pyjamas are made of red-and-white striped cotton scalloped on edges.

● A double-breasted dressing-gown has scalloped rolled collar and cuffs, trimmed with eyelet work.

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When the welfare of your children is at stake it is wise to stop and consider.

No doubt you are looking after their health, but what are you doing about their future prosperity? At some time during their lives they will stand at the crossroads leading to success or failure.

By saving regularly each week and teaching them to do the same you can safeguard their future and yours. You can provide them with a good education and all things necessary to start them on the road to success.

Teach them that success in life depends not so much on what they earn as on what they do with the money. Let them see how quickly odd shillings and pence will accumulate if saved each week.

Set a good example by opening accounts for them in the

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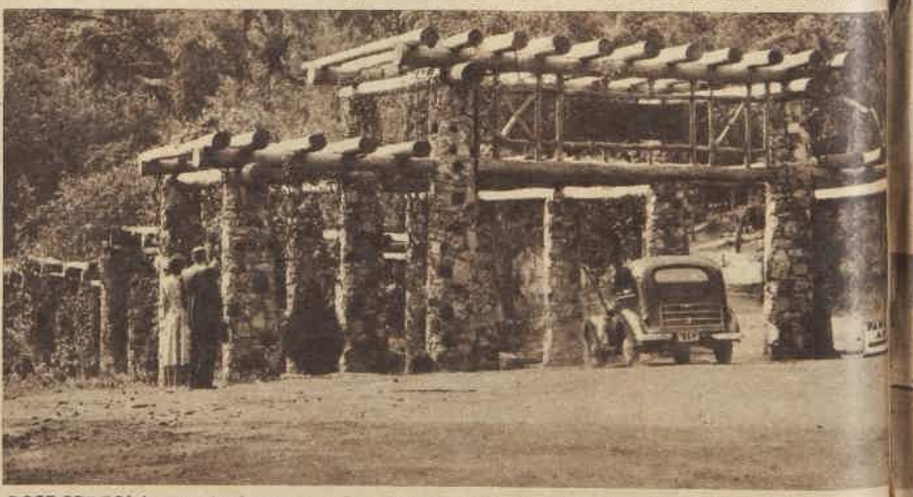
ARALUEN SWIMMING POOL. It is fed by icy, sparkling water from mountain springs. Araluen is a native name that can mean either "singing waters," "running waters," "meeting of the waters," or "place of water-lilies." It was selected as appropriate by Araluen's founder.

CITY OF BRISBANE branch of the Young Australia League donated the funds which built attractive caretaker's lodge. Both wild and cultivated flowers thrive on valley's rich loamy soil. Araluen claims greater variety of native plants than any other park in Australia.



ROSE PERGOLA near Araluen gates. League members in every State contributed towards cost. Pergola was designed by Perth architect W. G. Bennett, one of League's executive officers, and built by Jack Italiano. It is memorial to the founder's mother, Mrs. Margaret Simons.

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GROVE OF THE UNFORGOTTEN, dedicated to Y.A.L.'s 89 members who died in World War I. Because most were bandsmen, shrine is lyre-shaped, and is flanked by 89 cypresses; seven waterfalls cascade into pool. For two minutes each November 11, waters are stilled.

ARALUEN—beautiful memorial

★ *Twenty-two miles outside Perth lies one of the most beautiful and unusual memorials in Australia to the fallen of World War One. It is Araluen, "the hidden valley," the dream-come-true of its planner, the late Mr. J. J. ("Boss") Simons, founder and director of the Young Australia League. Y.A.L. members from all parts of Australia contributed to the building of Araluen, planned to keep evergreen the memory of its 89 members who gave their lives in the first world conflict. A World War Two memorial, a reflecting pool, planned by the founder, is to be carried out at Araluen.*

"BOSS," the late Mr. J. J. Simons, founder and director of the Young Australia League, planner of Araluen. Starting in 1930, it took him 18 months to find valley, 22 miles from Perth.

IN UNIFORM of Y.A.L. bandsmen, boys rostered on week-end gate duty hand maps to visitors. League has as its emblem a kangaroo.

RELAXATION for officers and men who direct visitors and form working parties during week-end. They sleep in "Ye Olde Roundhouse," in background. Memorial planned by the "Boss" to Y.A.L. fallen of World War II will be carried out. It is a reflecting pool in the shape of the map of Australia above the Grove of the Unforgotten.

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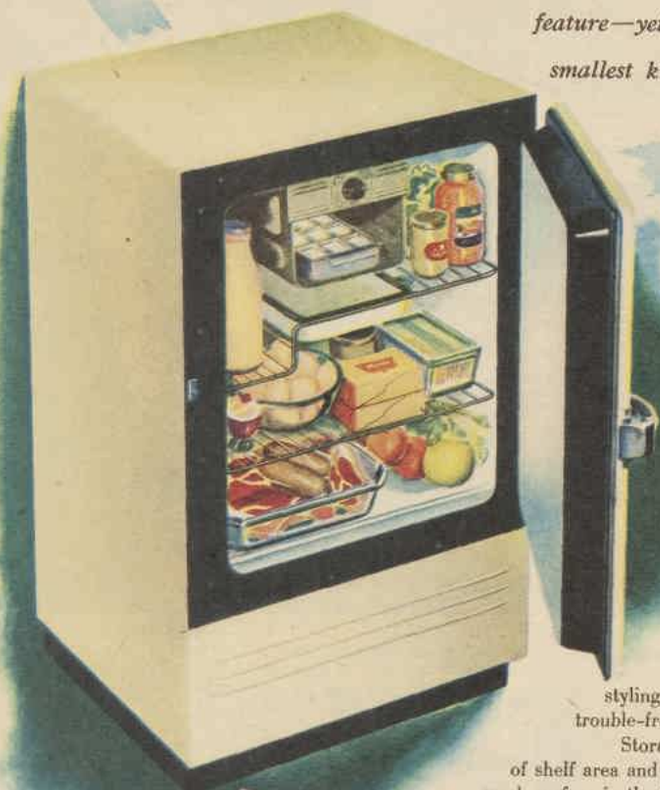
meet the new space saving Hotpoint refrigerator...

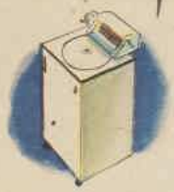
(designed with every worthwhile feature—yet fits the smallest kitchen!)



Designed for smaller homes and flats, the new British-made Hotpoint refrigerator will delight you with its distinctive styling, economy of operation and the long years of trouble-free service it will give!

Storage capacity is 3.1 cub. ft. nett, with 6 sq. ft. of shelf area and its convenient height (36") gives you another work surface in the kitchen. The thermostatic control switch gives 9-point setting and defrost position, and there's capacity for 1½lbs. of ice-cubes at each freezing. The Sealed System needs no oiling or maintenance, is silent in operation and its power consumption is low. The Hotpoint Refrigerator carries a 5-year guarantee on the sealed-in mechanism and the price is £99'10'-

Australia's finest! —the complete Hotpoint range of electric servants



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Friday's Child

Continued from page 4

SINCE both young men were suffering in some slight degree from the aftermath of the convivial evening before, few words were exchanged over the breakfast-table. Mr. Ringwood brooded gloomily over the racing news in the morning's paper, and Mr. Fakenham sat with his clouded gaze fixed on nothing in particular.

The sound of a vehicle approaching at a smart pace up the street awoke no interest in either mind, but when it drew up outside the house, and a brisk knocking almost immediately fell upon the door, Mr. Fakenham palpably winced, and Mr. Ringwood closed his eyes with the air of one suffering exquisite discomfort.

He opened them again a moment later, for an impatient footstep sounded in the passage, and the door burst open to admit Lord Sherringham, who came briskly in with all the objectionable appearance of one who had not only gone sober to bed, but had also risen betimes.

"Gil, I want a word with you!" he announced, tossing his hat and his gloves on to a chair. "Hallo, Ferdy!"

"It's Sherry," Mr. Fakenham informed his host, somewhat unnecessarily, though his civility was possibly prompted by the fact that the Viscount was his cousin.

"Yes, it's Sherry," agreed Mr. Ringwood, staring fixedly at the Viscount. "Thought you was in the country."

"So did I," confessed Ferdy. He looked at his cousin, and apparently feeling that something more was required of him, asked with friendly interest: "You back, Sherry?"

"Well, you can see I am, can't you?" retorted his lordship. Hunting on the sideboard for a clean tankard, and pouring himself out a liberal libation of ale, he drew up a chair, pushing various trifles which reposed on it on to the floor, and sat down.

"Gil," he said, "you're a knowing one; I want your help. Tell me, where does a fellow get a special licence?"

The effect of this question was to cast his lordship's two cronies into stunned silence.

"What's the matter?" demanded Sherry. "Don't tell me you've never heard of a special licence! Of course you have!"

Mr. Ringwood swallowed once or twice. "You don't mean a marriage-licence, do you, Sherry?"

"Yes, I do. What else should I mean? Thing you have to have if you want to get married in a hurry."

"Sherry, she's never accepted you?" gasped Mr. Ringwood, his brain tottering.

"She?" said the Viscount, frowning at him. "Oh, the Incomparable! Oh, lord, no! Wouldn't look at me! It's not she."

"Well!" said Mr. Ringwood, relaxing. "I wish you will not burst in on a fellow with a shock like that, Sherry, dear old boy! Gave me such a turn! Who wants this special licence?"

"I do. Don't I keep on telling you so? I'm getting married today, and I can't do that without a licence."

"Sherry," exclaimed Mr. Ringwood, with a touch of severity, "How can you be married to-day, when you say she wouldn't look at you?"

"Lord, can't you think of any other female than Isabella Milborne?" demanded Sherry. "I'm going to marry someone else, of course!"

Mr. Ringwood blinked at him. "Someone else?" he said incredulously.

"He's joking," Mr. Fakenham declared. "You shouldn't do it, Sherry. Not at this hour of the morning!"

"Confound you both, I'm in earnest!" Sherry said, setting his tankard down with a crash which made Ferdy jump like a startled deer. "I'm going to marry a girl I've known all my life! Damme, I must marry someone! I shan't have a feather to fly with if I don't."

"Who is she?" asked Mr. Ringwood. "You've never offered for the Stowe girl, Sherry, dear old boy? Not the rabbity-faced one?"

"No, of course I haven't. You don't know her; never been to London in her life! I ran off with her yesterday."

"But, Sherry!" expostulated Mr. Ringwood, a good deal shaken. "No, really, dear boy! You can't do that sort of thing!"

"Well, I've done it," replied the Viscount, a shade sulkily.

Mr. Ringwood gave a slight cough. "Sherry, old boy—don't want to pry into your affairs—wouldn't offend you for the world!—you ain't thinking of marrying the lodge-keeper's daughter, or anything of that kind?"

"No, no! She's a Wantage—some sort of a cousin, but they don't own her. Father went through all his blunt, and kicked up a dust of some kind. Before my time. The point is, she's as well born as you are. Mrs. Bagshot brought her up; she's another of her cousins. You must know the Bagshots!"

Mr. Fakenham was suddenly roused to animation. "If she's a Bagshot, Sherry, I wouldn't marry her! Now there's a horrible thing! Do you know that woman has brought out a third one? For anything we know she's got a string of 'em—but each one worse than the last! Cassandra was bad enough, but have you seen the new one? Tallow-faced girl called Sophy?"

"Lord, yes, I've known the Bagshots all my life! Hero's not like them, I give you my word!"

"Who?" asked Ferdy, his attention arrested.

"Hero. Girl I'm going to marry."

Ferdy was puzzled. "What do you call her Hero for?"

"It's her name," replied Sherry impatiently. "I know it's a silly name, but, damme, it ain't as silly as Eudora! Besides, I call her Kitten, so what's the odds?"

He was regaling his two astounded friends with further detail of the whole affair when sounds of altercation penetrated to the parlor, to be followed an instant later by the eruption into the room of a startlingly handsome young man, dressed in riding-breeches and topboots and a long-tailed blue coat. His fiery dark eyes swept the room and singled out the Viscount.

"I knew it!" he said in a throbbing voice. "I saw your phaeton!"

"Did you?" said Sherry indifferently. "If Jason's forked your purse again there's no need to get in such a taking. I'll tell him to hand it over."

"Don't try to trifle with me, Sherry!" the newcomer said warningly. "Don't try it, I say! I know where you have been! You have taken advantage of me."

"No, he hasn't," said Mr. Ringwood. "Now, sit down, George, and don't put yourself in a pucker over nothing! I never saw such a fellow!"

"Nothing to be in a pucker about," said Mr. Fakenham, adding his helpful mite. "Sherry's going to be married."

"What?" gasped Lord Wrotham, turning a ghastly color and rolling his eyes towards the Viscount.

"No, no, not to Isabella!" Mr. Ringwood assured him, touched by the sight of such agony. "Really, Ferdy, how can you? Sherry's going to marry another female."

Lord Wrotham staggered to a chair and sank into it. Anxious to make amends, Mr. Fakenham poured out some ale and pushed the tankard towards him. He took a pull and sighed deeply. "I thought—Sherry, I have wronged you! I thought you was gone into Kent to steal a march on me with the Incomparable!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, that's what I did do," said Sherry, with a candor bordering, in the opinion of his friends, on the foolhardy. "Only she wouldn't have me."

"She refused you!" Wrotham cried, his haggard countenance suddenly radiant.

"That's what I'm telling you. It's my belief she's got better game in view than either of us, George!"

"Sherry!" thundered the distraught lover, springing to his feet and clenching his fists, "one word of disparagement of the loveliest, the most divine, the most perfect of women, and I call you out to answer for it!"

"Well, you won't get me out," responded the Viscount, and once again proceeded to give an account of his elopement.

Lord Wrotham, convinced at the end of it that he had relinquished all pretensions to the hand of the Incomparable Isabella, warmly shook him by the hand and offered him his felicitations.

"Yes, that's all very well," said Mr. Ringwood, "but it don't help us to find a likely bishop for this special licence."

"It'll have to be a registry office marriage, Sherry," said Mr. Fakenham mournfully.

"No," said Mr. Ringwood. "Won't do at all."

At this point Lord Wrotham shocked the company into silence by saying that he was acquainted with a bishop. And, being still under the revulsion of feeling brought about by the realisation that the Viscount was no longer one of his rivals, offered to introduce him to this cleric.

The Viscount at once closed with the offer and proceeded to enlist the services of Mr. Ringwood.

Mr. Ringwood, learning that his task was to escort his friend's bride on a tour of the milliners' and mantua-makers' shops which graced the town and to dissuade her from purchasing garments unsuited to her station, goggled at the Viscount in dismay. His expostulations went quite unheeded.

The Viscount assured him that he would deal famously with Miss Wantage, and, after appointing a rendezvous with Lord Wrotham, bore him off in his phaeton to Grillon's Hotel.

Miss Wantage, in spite of her natural terror of being left without support in such a formidable place as Grillon's Hotel, had passed a peaceful night, the unaccustomed excitement of the previous day having made her tired enough to sink into a sleep from which not all the strange noises of London streets had the power to rouse her.

The Viscount had very kindly stayed to partake of dinner in her company before leaving the hotel for his own lodging; and since he had promised to visit her betimes next morning she was able to part from him with tolerable composure.

But the high-bred stares of several dowagers sojourning in the hotel, coupled with the overt curiosity of the chambermaid who waited on her, made her feel very ill at ease, and it took all the comfort afforded by the knowledge of being dressed in a modish new gown to sustain her spirits until the arrival, at eleven o'clock, of the Viscount, with the shrinking Mr. Ringwood in tow.

Please turn to page 36

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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Famous Englishman will design clothes here

KEEN HUNTSMAN. Peter Russell is a member of the Ashford Valley Fox Hounds in Kent.

PETER RUSSELL, famous for the formal clothes he designs, prefers casual city clothes for himself.

IN HIS WORKROOM at his Carlos Place salon, Peter Russell directs the making of a wedding frock of old family heirloom lace.

Peter Russell brings high fashion —and his old patched tweeds

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Peter Russell, London couturier who has designed clothes for many famous people, including members of the Royal Family, will arrive in Australia this month.

He will bring a collection of his clothes, beautiful materials, and a sketch book.

PETER RUSSELL, who is one of the real personalities of the London fashion world, will design clothes "on the spot" for a Melbourne firm.

Australians will enjoy meeting him, for he is a keen sportsman as well as an artistic designer of functional clothes for women.

As much at home on a horse as he is in his Mayfair salon, Mr. Russell devotes every waking moment away from his work to hunting, shooting, and gardening.

But don't get any false idea that the clothes Peter Russell designs are huntin', shootin', and fishin'.

Though their creator has never been known to sound a "g," he rarely uses a stout tweed, and his woollens are designed in such colors and styles that they look right even for such occasions as Royal weddings.

Mrs. Michael Hawkins, who was Australian Virginia Heath, was one of the outstandingly well-dressed women at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth to the Duke of Edinburgh. She was wearing one of Peter Russell's "winter lilac" tweed ensembles.

Many Australians will remember Madge Elliott's wedding dress when her marriage to Cyril Ritchard stopped the traffic round St. Mary's Cathedral.

Madge was wearing one of Peter Russell's models, a vision of frothy loveliness.

But while Peter Russell's name is the hall-mark of good dressing for women, his own clothes are the despair of designers of men's fashions.

He is so frequently taken to task for the way he wears his clothes that the dress designer has a comeback now for all his critics.

"I'm not a careless dresser at all," he says. "My slight deviations from fashion formalities are entirely in keeping with the studied nonchalance with which I wear my clothes."

"Look at him!" wails "Men's Wear." "Look at the wrinkles, the ill-set long sleeves, the strain on the foreparts through using only one button. He's wearing his coat so badly it's impossible to see any virtues it may possess."

"Elegant disarray," retorts Mr. Russell, defending the slight eccentricities of his own attire.

He designed the overcoat himself. It is in wide check with deep armholes for shooting.

"They almost tore it off my back," he says triumphantly, "when I went to the States."

He was implying the Americans liked it. But the British make no secret of the fact that they do not.

Australia, however, won't see this infamous old shooting coat which distinguishes him in no fewer than four counties.

"Too hot out there," he says, and packs a wide-brimmed panama hat he wears at the same rakish angle as his town trilby.

Basic sketches

But once a year Peter Russell dons his morning coat and grey topper, devotes his whole attention to Ascot.

There, on the lawns, Mr. Russell sees many of his own models. And very lovely they are. For behind each creation is a plan, designed and carried through in his workrooms to the peak of perfection.

Many times at his dress shows has the couturier stopped the mannequin, and, slipping the topcoat or jacket off her shoulders, turned it inside out for inspection, giving it a good rough-and-tumble on the salon floor to prove his theory that the basis of good dressing is good craftsmanship all the way through.

In his clothes he has first a basic idea. This he sketches quickly and from this does anywhere from ten to twenty sketches.

Gradually he weeds out the sketches, details from one are transplanted to another, until at last the finished sketch is ready for the "premiere."

He never confines himself exclusively to one line, and may show classic, romantic, and modern in one collection.

Three things Peter Russell insists on when designing a collection—continuity, restraint, and nothing but the best materials. And to these he adds the leavening of superb detail and impeccable finish.

With modesty he admits that to all this must be given "that touch of genius." He certainly adds it.

One of the unforgettable experiences of fashion reporting in London is Peter Russell showing his clothes.

Twice a year he offers to buyers from all over the world, and to the Press, his new season's collection.

All the routine touches are there from massed flowers, gilt chairs, and champagne, spotlights, mannequins, and "ohs" and "ahs" at breathtaking loveliness. But at this point any similarity to any other fashion show ends.

For during the entire performance Peter marches up and down his salon describing the more intricate weaves, emphasising the details of pocket or hipline, turning his mannequins this way and that, explaining right down to the last button just what goes into making a Peter Russell model.

OUT WALKING in Kent the designer wears his favorite old patched tweeds, which he is bringing to Australia.

Peter Russell was born in Norfolk, the son of land-owning farmers. His mother's people came over with William the Conqueror as Companions-at-Arms.

He served with the Royal Field Artillery as a lieutenant in World War I.

Wounded and discharged from the Army the young Russell went along the well-charted route for Englishmen of those days that led to rubber planting in Malaya.

In Singapore he heard the incessant wail of "nothing-to-wear" from ladies condemned to Malaya.

One woman had not been within reach of a dressmaker for three years, consequently her "nothing-to-wear" cry was true. The occasion was a Government House Ball.

Perturbed by her plight, Peter suggested a visit to Kuala Lumpur where, on his advice, she bought many yards of chiffon. Her amah sewed them up under Peter Russell's direction.

The dress was an enormous success and would-be fashionables sought Peter Russell's assistance.

But it wasn't this that brought Mr. Russell to the West End couture and now voyaging to Australia.

A slump in rubber brought Mr. Russell and many of his friends to the point where they would be broke if they didn't "do something." He did.

With not even the know-how of buying a box of pins, and certainly less acquaintance with the down-to-earth part of cutting, fitting, and finishing a frock, Peter Russell started designing.

He set himself up in a grand house in Regent's Park.

It was the era of the Bright Young Things, and soon his parties became the rage for those members of society who hovered around on the fringes of theatre, sculpting, painting, designing.

They were mostly froth and bubble. But Peter Russell was taking his career seriously, and behind the bright facade his was a story of work—hard work by night and day—learning all that was to be learned about dressmaking.

Every model he turned out was an individual success. From this time he never looked back.

Peter Russell's country home, "Little Purchase," a 400-year-old Tudor cottage, is in Kent, and in town he has a small bachelor's apartment above his house of couture.

In Australia he hopes to lead much the same life—five days a week in the work-rooms and salons, weekends riding in the country.

With his fine tissues and sketches he has packed his old clothes, with breeches so worn the knees are right out (to the despair of the local tradespeople).

"You'll hardly be going to Australia with those big patches in your pants," the butcher told him.

"I will, you know," said Mr. Russell, couturier, as he packed huntin' coat and shootin' jacket and (as a change from fishing) gardening gloves.

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Editorial

FEBRUARY 5, 1949

BACK TO SCHOOL

ALL over Australia, schools are reopening about this time, and shining morning faces are being turned again to the sun of instruction.

Mothers wave good-bye to the young, as they trudge off in their new term smartness, with mixed feelings. The holidays have been demanding for mothers with children underfoot all day, yet it is with a pang that they hand over again to the teachers.

Parents and teachers are partners in the most important job in the world.

On their joint work depends the quality of the citizens and the civilisation of the future.

Australia's children, like those of any other country, are her most vital asset.

It is therefore obvious that there can be no more important subject in her budgets and her planning than child education.

The problem deserves the attention of her best brains and the benefit of her most generous spending.

Australia is prosperous now and from her well-filled coffers money should flow out to improve her school buildings and playgrounds, to make her education systems as progressive as possible, and to keep teachers in touch with the latest ideas both here and abroad.

To make such spending effective, State departments should show a greater readiness to adopt or experiment with new methods.

It sometimes seems that the same "new education" ideas have been discussed year in and year out without the general run of pupils ever feeling the impact of them.

Most important of all is the need to attract to these services the best possible talent.

More teachers are needed. Better salaries for them are among the best investments open to the nation.

WORTH Reporting

THERE'S a boom in the business of marriage brokers in New York.

Fifteen marriage brokers operate in the city, some of them disguised as friendship centres or introduction services, but marriage for their clients is their aim.

Sam Paulinsky, who is Pauline of "Pauline's Matrimonial Bureau," says: "The war was a great social stimulus. All kinds of people were thrown together. Now what is there? Nothing. No excuse for men and women to make new friends."

Flipping through the files, he read out the lists of occupations, ranging from firemen to lawyers, from nurses to professional dancers.

"Too bad you're a reporter," he added to the girl who interviewed him. "I got just your type. A high-class professional type person, but he's strictly going for the home-body type of girl.

"Maybe you'd be interested, just the same? No time? I tell you, time is the least of our worries. It takes about three months for the introduction to work up to marriage but we allow a year."

Pauline is typical of the marriage broker, who, for a 25-dollar fee, registers a client and looks for one to match.

Most clients are more than willing to pay the final fee of between 100 and 200 dollars each when the romance blooms into marriage. Occasionally some very high fee is paid by a grateful relative. One broker received a cheque for 1000 dollars from "the family of an old maid whom they had just about given up."

New York police say there is very little fraud connected with the matrimonial bureaus — "generally nothing more serious than some old duffer in his sixties trying to pass himself off as a prosperous gay blade in his early forties."

Each new client's background and history is checked since, according to one woman running a bureau, "most folks tend to over-estimate themselves something terrible."

Miss Clara Lane, who operates the "Contact Centre," says successful businesswomen and middle-aged bachelors are hardest to please, because they are so set in their ways. Widowers, widows, and girls in their twenties are easiest to suit.

Hushing 'em up

TO keep cows quiet while they are being smuggled from Holland to Belgium (we are astonished to learn from our London office), they are dressed in woollen socks and have their mouths smeared with soap. For some reason they lick the soap instead of bellowing.

With pigs the technique is more expensive. Each pig receives a bottle of gin, which he consumes with avidity. This keeps him comatose for the two hours that the smuggling takes. Luckily, gin costs only eight shillings a bottle in Holland.

"Someone take these away from me."

Book causes stir

A TREMENDOUS stir has been caused in Africa by a newly published best seller, "Cry The Beloved People."

The author, Alan Paton, has never written a line before in his life. He has been superintendent of a reformatory for natives in Johannesburg.

A slender book, "Cry The Beloved People" is a most moving story of a gentle old native country-town preacher whose only son goes to Johannesburg, gets into bad company, robs, and finally murders a white man.

For this he is sentenced to be hanged.

Alan Paton depicts the agony and grief of the old man in the simple, almost biblical, language used by the "gospeller" type of native.

He tells of the white-haired old preacher taking his life's savings from the bank to come to Johannesburg to be with his son. Highlight of the book is the old man's vigil in the dawn on the day of his son's execution.

To Africans who have thought of the natives' wants only in terms of clothes, food, or housing, this portrayal of their sensitive innermost feelings has come as an awakening, and the book is creating considerable comment.

Alan Paton has now retired from his job as reformatory superintendent, and has settled in a small seaside town on the east coast of Natal to write more books.

Antiques

FOUR million pounds' worth of antiques will be on view at the Antique Dealers' Fair in London next June.

The fair, the third since the war, will be held at Grosvenor House. There will be 100 exhibitors of glass, porcelain, and china, gold and silver ware, furniture and carpets, books and manuscripts, tapestry, needlework, pictures, clocks, jewels, and antiquities of past civilisations.

Every article must be an authentic antique of its period and made prior to 1830. There are 16 advisory committees formed of experts in every kind of antique. Before the fair opens each day, every exhibit is examined by experts. Every new piece brought in to replace those sold is closely scrutinised.

The strict watch kept on the genuineness of all the objects has won for the fair its high reputation for integrity.

All the items on show, with the exception of those lent by the Royal Family and the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, are for sale.

There are always many desirable things for people of moderate means, as well as treasures of great value.

Shipboard switch

PASSENGERS in the new Orient liner Orcades were a little slow at first to make use of the very modern telephone exchange provided by the company in one of its ships for the first time.

"But they warmed up after about a week at sea, when they got to know one another," one of the three girl telephone operators, Joan White, of Essex, told us.

The switchboard, tucked away in an outside cabin near the purser's desk, has lines to all first-class cabins and six shore lines. In addition, ship's officers can use a special automatic exchange among themselves. The staterooms each have two telephones.

Joan, Gwen Davis, of Hampstead, and Yvonne Yeates, of Portsmouth, soon became known to passengers through their routine query, "Can I help you?"

In fact, it became so well known that one young Australian sub-lieutenant returning from a spell of duty with the Royal Navy went to the fancy dress dance wearing a telephonist's uniform with "Can I help you?" printed on a large notice across his chest.

The girls, who, like the rest of the crew, signed on for this one voyage, will probably sign on for another if the company decides the experiment was successful.

As they work in shifts, this has given them all a chance to see some of the ports of call.

Passengers use the exchange for making appointments with friends located on other decks. One young man never failed to ring each morning to ask what the weather was like and what sort of clothes he should wear!

Time of day was another regular query with some travellers each morning.

* * *

HUGH BERESFORD, noted English hat designer, said at a Melbourne hat show that he has designed a special "Bride's Mother's hat."

Inspiration for this came from a bride's mother who asked him to make a hat for her to wear at her daughter's wedding.

"Please make it wide—the kind of hat I can cry under," she implored.

Saw son's grave

MRS. J. M. PARK, who lives near Geelong, Victoria, has written to tell us of a visit she made to Malta to see the grave of her son, F/O. Robert Bruce Park, R.A.F., 185th Squadron. F/O. Park was killed in November, 1942, during the siege of Malta.

"I was very much touched," writes Mrs. Park, "with the reverent and loving remembrance of our brave young heroes by all the people of Malta. They are never forgotten, and that is the greatest comfort a bereaved mother can have.

"I had the greatest courtesy extended to me as one of the mothers whose sons fought by his comrades of Malta and other countries in that bitter siege.

"I met the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir David Campbell, and his wife, and Miss Mabel Strickland, owner and editor of the Times of Malta. (Miss Strickland's father was Sir Gerald Strickland, who from 1904 to 1917 was Governor of Tasmania, Western Australia, and New South Wales in succession.)

"Professor Manche, rector of Malta University, with the Rev. Mother Superior of the Blue Sisters' Hospital War Memorial for Children, showed me the hospital where there is a memorial cot in honor of my son and his squadron.

"When my son's estate was settled I gave £1000 sterling to the Malta Government to help the people, so it was used for this cot, to benefit children suffering from malnutrition.

"I told people there that I would write to a paper so that others could know about the love and respect shown to the boys' memory."

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"I'll bet my merit badges I can tell you who did it."

Interesting People

PROF. CHARLES SCHINDLER

. . . identity retires

ONE of University of Queensland's first students—he enrolled in 1911 when it was first opened — 70-year-old Professor Charles Schindler retired at end of last year as Associate Professor of Modern Languages. His final task was to help mark French examination papers from junior to honors standard. Professor Schindler long ago lost count of the number of examination papers he has marked during his years at the University.

MISS BEATRICE BORST

. . . New York writer

WORKING for M.A. degree at University of Michigan, New York visitor Miss Beatrice Borst entered and won Avery Hopkins Award with first novel, "Nearer the Earth." Seeing Australia as part of self-ordered "re-educational programme," Miss Borst plans a travel book and further novel. Writes for "American Mercury," has worked in publicity and advertising. Started her writing career by selling a short story to a popular magazine.

MR. L. T. SANDERSON

. . . Australian cattle judge

REVERSAL of usual procedure of overseas judges coming here, when Mr. L. T. Sanderson, Narrabri, N.S.W., this month judges for the Aberdeen-Angus Cattle Society, at Perth, Scotland. "This is the first time," Mr. Sanderson says, "that an Australian has had the honor of being asked to officiate at the headquarters of the breed." As a studmaster he believes in breeding better stock and continually improving the quality of the land.

★ ★ 10 absorbing stories in this month's Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. ★ ★

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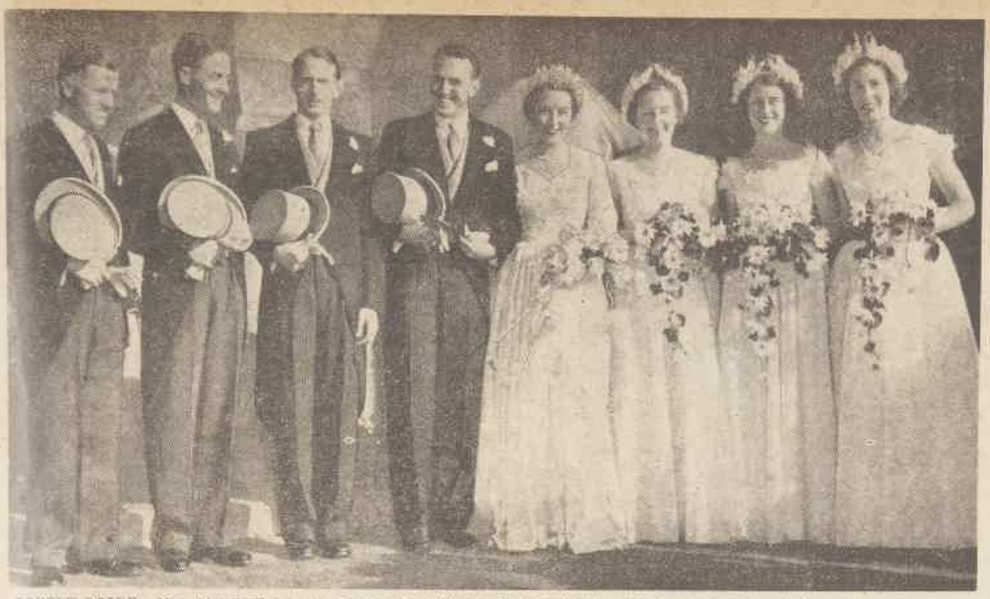

LOVELY BRIDE. Mrs. Tim Furber leaves St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with her husband and their attendants, the bride's sister, Mrs. Ian McLaurin, Joan Allsop, Joan Carruthers, bridegroom's brother, Dr. John Furber, Dr. Owen Basil Jones, and Alan Allworth. Bride, formerly Barbara Cary, is younger daughter of Mrs. H. D. Cary, of Elizabeth Bay, and Tim is younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Maynard Furber, of Point Piper.

ENGAGED. Joy Bayley and fiance, George McKew, who recently announced their engagement, dance at Romano's. Joy is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bayley, of Chatswood, and George is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. McKew, of Chatswood.

WED AT ST. JAMES'. Bruce Williams and his bride, formerly Patricia Dix, youngest daughter of Mrs. Dix, Roseville, and late Lieut.-Commander T. L. Dix, R.N. Bruce is youngest son of Mrs. Williams, Roseville.

Intimate Pottings

LETTER from Lord Leverhulme to Mrs. C. R. Ivison, of Hillside, Ashfield, tells of his proposed visit to Australia with Lady Leverhulme.

Lord Leverhulme writes that after many years his anticipated trip here is becoming a reality. They expect to arrive in Sydney on March 21.

Lady Leverhulme and her daughter by a first marriage, Jule Lee-Morris, will accompany him. They are all excited about the trip, and have already made out a list of places they want to see during their Australian visit.

Mrs. Ivison's grandfather, the late Senator J. P. Gray, of Milbirn, Ashfield, went to school with Lord Leverhulme's father, and came to Australia to establish the business here and in New Zealand.

• • •

RUN into Mrs. Eric Cadell, of Merrigula, Tambar Springs, with her attractive daughter Moina, and they tell me they are doing a spot of last-minute shopping before setting sail in the Oronies for England on February 10. They will visit Mrs. Cadell's son Tony and his wife, formerly Judith Gray, of Quirindi, and their little daughter, Victoria. The Tony Cadells are making their home in England at present.

Before leaving, Moina will have a few days' rest at their Terrigal cottage with a party of young friends. They will include Dinah Gray, Marian Simson, Michael Cadell, Jim and Pam Traill, Rosemary Steele, and Ron Campbell. Moina's brother, Jock, will help his sister entertain

COUNTRY INTEREST. Bill Corlis and his bride, formerly Nance Connolly, at wedding reception. From left: Mr. R. King, bridegroom and bride, bride's mother, Mrs. A. Connolly, and Mr. A. Frisee. Couple will live at Capertee.

CELEBRATION. Rima Bull (third from left), of Narrandera, celebrates 21st birthday at Prince's. Fay Horrocks, Bob Forsayth, and Edmund Cooper help blow out candles.

CANBERRA WEDDING. Duntroon graduate Lieut. Richard Gow and bride, formerly Sheila Shanahan, leave St. John's after wedding.

SHIPBOARD PARTY. Rear-Admiral Moore wore summer whites on board the Dominion Monarch at party given by Shaw Savill Line. He is talking to Mrs. Moore and the purser, Mr. Ted Cordrey.

HONEYMOON at Evans Head for Jimmy Robinson, of Albury, and his bride, formerly Shirley Morton, of Lane Cove. Couple will move into their own home at Epping when they return.

• • •

FIRST visit to Australia in ten years for Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lawless, who are visiting Mrs. Lawless' sister, Miss Edith Kilminster, of Manly. Mr. and Mrs. Lawless, whose home is in New York, brought their niece, Mrs. Claire Hance, with them for the trip. Mrs. Lawless, who is an Australian, has made her home in America for the past thirty-eight years.

• • •

BACK from holiday at Port Macquarie is singer Myra O'Neill, who recently returned from England after absence of 17 years. Myra has given several programmes on the A.B.C., and is scheduled to sing again on February 18.

• • •

HOME at Blackall, Queensland, for Helen and John Compagnoni, who were married recently at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. Helen is younger daughter of Mrs. Kelman, of Neutral Bay, and the late Mr. A. L. Kelman, of Woolgoolga, Moree. John is son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Compagnoni, of Mitchell, Queensland.

• • •

HOPING to leave for England shortly are newlyweds Neil and Adela Stuckey, who were married recently in Sydney. Couple honeymoon in Mildura and then go on to Adelaide, where they will wait for ship to take them abroad. Neil is chemical engineer, a graduate of Sydney University, and is attached to rocket range in South Australia. Adela is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Marr, of Lane Cove.

HEAR that pretty Anne Oxenham and her fiance, Edmund Burton, have decided on March 12 for their wedding day. Anne's sister, Mrs. Bernard O'Sullivan, will be matron of honor at the ceremony, which will be held at St. Mary's Cathedral.

• • •

EYE-CATCHING: Mrs. Ernest Watt's cocktail gown of swirling grey chiffon . . . Pat Bancks' lovely hat swathed with tulle, with a rose pinned on either side . . . Joan Bode in new frock, black-and-white print afternoon gown, and Mrs. Strath Playfair's navy-blue-and-white-spot foulard with wide-brimmed summer white felt hat.

• • •

THRILLED to have lovely home at the beach are Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. McDonald Hull, of England, who, with their daughter Susan, have taken Dorise and Michael Neylon's house at Palm Beach while they are away on their trip to England. The Hulls came up to town last week to celebrate their wedding anniversary at Prince's.

• • •

BRIEFLY: Off to New Zealand for three months to visit relatives and friends is Mrs. Jessie Rankin Reid . . . Back in Peak Hill is Toni Anthony, who has been spending holiday in Sydney and Cowra . . . . Dick Smart pays first visit to Sydney for twenty years. Dick has come out from England to visit his mother, and sisters Barbara Levy and Sheila Smart . . . Farewell party for Moana Fielding Jones given by Gillian Galbraith, at Prince's. Moana will sail shortly for trip abroad with her mother and stepfather, the Maynard Jenours . . . . Holiday in Western Australia for Peg Cain, who sails in Manunda.

Joyce

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The Boy from Down the Road

Continued from page 7

ONE day a buyer came when the boy was there, and talked dogs and money with Hayes. After he'd gone, the boy said, "I suppose they're all sold."

The easy thing, the right thing, Hayes thought, was to answer that they were, and to make it clear that none of these pups would ever be his.

"Not all," Hayes said. "I've promised six to men I know. I'm keeping that brown-and-white for myself. I may keep the other one. I'm not sure yet."

The boy looked at him. And this, Hayes saw suddenly, was the nearest he had come to breaking down, to pouring out in a torrent of words the thoughts and hopes he'd tried to conceal so long. Then the boy looked away, stiffening his shoulders in the familiar manner, and said nothing.

"And perhaps," Hayes said slowly, "perhaps you and I'll be able to work out a deal one day. I said 'perhaps,' mind you, and I'm not promising anything."

He turned and busied himself with a pup. He didn't want the boy to see his face now. He didn't want anyone to see his face when he was making a fool of himself.

"In a day or two," Hayes went on, "I think I'll put a collar on that brown-and-white. You might try him with a leash then."

"I could take him walking," the boy said softly. "I'd watch over him real careful."

The brown-and-white pup accepted the collar without fear. Hayes showed the boy how to lead him then he let him take the dog out for short walks. The brown-and-white liked the boy. He'd run to the fence when he saw him coming up the drive.

Boy and dog had faith and confidence in each other, Hayes thought, and that was always a pleasant thing to see. Even if it was the wrong boy. Even if it wasn't the boy who should have been here, learning about dogs from his father.

A week later, Crawford came to see him.

He stopped ten feet away from Hayes, and said, "About my boy. He's been working for you. But you ain't been paying him."

Hayes didn't move or raise his voice. "Get out, Crawford. Get out now."

Crawford turned and hurried down the drive, looking like an animated scarecrow. Now, probably, Hayes thought, he wouldn't let the boy come any more.

The brown-and-white pup and the boy would miss each other, he thought. The pup would get over it soon enough, being so young. It would be harder on the boy—on that particular boy.

There was an emptiness about the place now that was new and unfamiliar. It was fed by the way the brown-and-white pup peered hopefully through the fence and down the drive. Hayes cursed himself for a fool, but that didn't relieve the emptiness. Nor did it banish the loneliness that came from having no boy to talk with about dogs.

A week passed, and Hayes was backing his car out of the garage, on his way to town, when the boy appeared again. He had that air of tautness, of nervous readiness, that had marked his early visits.

"I couldn't come before now, Mr Hayes," he said.

"Glad to see you again, Bob," Hayes said, and switched off the engine.

"I don't want to hold you up if you're going somewhere, Mr. Hayes. I'll come back to-morrow if it's all right with you."

"All right," Hayes said, and reached for the ignition switch. Then he drew his hand back. "Was there something you wanted?"

The boy's eyes didn't move. "Nothing much," he said slowly. "I just thought maybe I could take the brown-and-white out."

Hayes thought a minute, but his mind was confused. He reached into his pocket and fished out the key to the kennel padlock.

"Here's the key," he said. "You keep a close watch on him. I'll be back in a couple of hours."

The boy took the key. He didn't say "Thank you," but looked at Hayes a moment, then turned quickly and ran to the kennel gate.

Hayes was delayed in town, and it was three hours before he returned home. He expected Bob to be waiting to greet him; he eagerly anticipated it during the drive back. But there was no one in sight when he reached the house.

He got out of the car, feeling a faint uneasiness. He called, once, "Bob! You still here, Bob?" and there was no answer. He walked to the kennel, and saw that the padlock was in place, with the key in the lock.

He looked absently through the fence at Lady and her litter. Something seemed wrong—he saw suddenly what it was. The big brown-and-white pup was missing.

Hayes searched the kennel, and the pup was not there. He walked quickly across the road and up the rise, but the open country about him was empty.

Hayes went into the house and sat down heavily. It was the inevitable ending. And, in a way, it was all his own fault. He'd known from the beginning what must happen in the long run, but he'd been weak and sentimental, and now he'd got what he deserved.

The telephone rang. It rang twice again before Hayes stirred to answer it.

The sheriff's familiar voice said, "That you, John?"

"Yes."

"Listen. That man Crawford tried to sell a brown-and-white springer pup to Ned Carson. He swore it was his. Carson got suspicious, of course, and called me. I thought it must be one of yours. Crawford's half drunk, and that boy of his is with him. I've got 'em all—Crawford and the kid and the pup—here now. Crawford's scared to death, but the boy keeps saying he told his father the pup belongs to him. Do you want to come down, John?"

"Did you pass, dear?"

They were grouped like a stiff tableau when Hayes walked into the sheriff's office. Crawford sat in a chair by the window, his head down. The boy was across the room, sitting erect with his hands in his lap. The brown-and-white pup lay on the floor asleep, his head touching one of the boy's shoes.

"Hello, John," the sheriff said. "How do you like this for police work?"

But Hayes barely heard him. He wasn't looking at the sheriff. He was looking for something that was at once terribly important and terribly vague. It was something, he knew, that didn't exist, that never had, but he looked for it anyway. It was like hope. Sometimes a man held hope when there could be no hope. He held it to the end, turning away from what his intelligence told him.

"This won't take long, John," the sheriff said. "I just want to be sure all the facts are straight."

"It was my fault," the boy said quietly. He spoke quietly, but it seemed to Hayes that the words echoed stubbornly from the walls of the room. "I told my father I got this dog working for Mr. Hayes. I told him that, and he believed me. He had to have money because he had a chance for a job in the city and he didn't have the money to go there. So I told him——"

Hayes didn't hear the rest. He was watching the boy's face, looking for the thing his mind said didn't exist.

"Wait a minute, Bob," he said. The boy's eyes turned slowly and met his own unwaveringly. "You mean, Bob, if your father got this job he'd be able to make things better for all of you? You mean you felt you had to help him? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir," Bob said. Hayes felt a sharp sense of shock at the obvious lie. Then he felt a hollow coldness in his stomach, and waited for the boy's eyes to waver, to become evasive. He waited for the look of shame to cross the boy's face.

But, curiously, the boy's eyes didn't move. He just sat there looking at Hayes as if there were nothing to be ashamed of at all. He sat there looking remote and proud, with his body taut. Then suddenly Hayes knew what the boy was thinking.

"I told a lie, Mr. Hayes," the boy would be thinking. "After you'd gone, he saw me playing with the dog down near the road, and he made me give it to him. That's the way it was, but I won't admit it. I won't tell anyone he knew the dog wasn't mine. I have to lie because I have to stand up for my father. Because he's my father."

Crawford's voice, slurred and strident, said: "That's it, sheriff. When he said this dog was his, I naturally believed him. Then——"

Hayes said, "Shut up!" He said it once, not loudly, but Crawford was silent.

The sheriff said conversationally, "The one thing left, John, is——"

Hayes turned to him. "Wait a minute, George. There's a misunderstanding here. You don't have to bother with it. He had good grounds for thinking the pup was his. It's nothing for the court. But I don't want that pup sold to anybody. I'll buy him myself."

He walked across the room to Crawford, pulling his wallet from his pocket. He said, "You can take the next bus, Crawford. It goes in thirty minutes. This will pay for the pup."

Crawford took the money greedily. "Thanks, Mr. Hayes. The sheriff just didn't understand, and——"

"Get out now," Hayes said. "Be sure you don't miss that bus. Be very sure."

He watched Crawford go. He'd take the bus, all right, and that was the end of that. He heard the sheriff's voice, annoyed now, say, "John, what are you up to, anyway?"

"Don't worry about it, George." He reached down and picked up the pup. He didn't look at the boy, but said, "Come on, Bob. I'll drive you home." There was a silence; then, behind him, he heard the boy's chair creak as he rose.

They got into the car. Down the street the bus was drawn up to the kerb, loading passengers. "I don't think we'll be seeing any more of him," Hayes said. "Or be hearing from him."

"No!" Bob said. His voice was fierce. "No, sir!"

They drove in silence to the Crawfords' house. Hayes shut off the engine, stared ahead, and said, "How will you get along—you and your mother?"

"We'll get along. Nobody has to worry about us."

Hayes heard the click as the car door opened. The boy's shoes scraped as he got out.

He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hayes."

"Wait a minute," Hayes said. "Come back here."

The boy turned around. He stood by the open car door, looking at Hayes, his eyes still uncompromisingly steady. That kind of self-control in a boy of ten was all wrong, Hayes thought absently.

"You forgot something, Bob. Take the pup. I'll see you get the right food for him. Then to-morrow you come and see me and we'll talk things over."

The boy didn't move. Hayes reached for the ignition switch. "Take the pup," he said irritably. "Be sure you come over first thing in the morning."

The boy smiled, a wide smile. Then he reached into the car for the pup.

Hayes drove slowly home. He'd never thought there could be anything that would justify a boy's lying, but now he wasn't even sure of that. Maybe you'd want your own boy, had he lived, to lie proudly out of loyalty to his father. Pride was a big thing, a strong thing, and a man needed it.

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"She told the kindergarten teacher her name was Mary Stop!"

It seems to me...

By

Dorothy Drain

WHEN I saw Miss Ngaio Marsh's production of "Othello" in Sydney recently, one half of my mind was on Miss Marsh's student players, the other half harking back to the last time I saw the play, at the age of nine.

It was the first straight play I ever saw, and some doubt was expressed in the family circle on its suitability for a child of nine.

This doubt may well have been intensified the following week, when I mooned round, reciting fragments of the more morbid passages, and embarrassed my aunts by inquiring in a loud, clear voice the meaning of some of the names Othello had called Desdemona.

Suitable or not, it certainly gave me a taste for Shakespearian tragedy, though I was puzzled by all that fuss about the hankerchief.

I daresay the performances of Mr. Alan Wilkie and Miss Hunter Watts may have left something to be desired. There were sophisticates in the audience who sighed for Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton. But for me Othello was a giant, Desdemona incomparably beautiful and sad.

So nowadays when I hear the old Alan Wilkie company recalled in patronising terms, I always spring hotly to its defence. It brought Shakespeare to many a country-town child who might never otherwise have seen it.

* * *

ALTOGETHER last week for me sustained a high note of theatrical reminiscence.

Out of an envelope addressed to me fell a newspaper cutting and a sheet of writing paper bearing the single macabre sentence: "The dead past clanks its chains."

Recovering from shock, I discovered that the cutting described "an Eastern five-act play, 'The Jar of Olives,' performed in the Assembly Hall, Pittsworth, by a cast of local girls"—with my name among them.

As the cutting was from a column in the Pittsworth paper headed "Twenty-five Years Ago," I do think it would have been tactful of the editor to mention that the cast was composed of children.

"Do you remember it?" asked one of my friends when I showed it around.

Remember it! It was one of the most exciting nights of my life, only equalled in lustre by a Grand Children's Fancy Dress Ball, held in some other year at the same Assembly Hall.

In the play I was an Eastern princess, a very, very nasty piece of work in harem pants, who in the last act had to faint or die, I forget which.

I fainted (or died) on to a "divan," made from a kerosene box and an eiderdown, and felt like Bernhardt.

Sad that such youthful confidence must ebb with the years. But maybe it's just as well.

* * *

IF we had our youthful confidence over again we might turn it to channels we never thought of then.

For my part I'd use it, not for amateur acting, but for learning to handle a boat.

Reading Peter Gladwin's excellent book, "Reaching for the Sun," would make anyone with a passion for salt water wish she'd studied navigation at school instead of French.

"Reaching for the Sun," published a few months ago, is the story of a yacht voyage which Gladwin, an Australian journalist, and five companions made from England to the West Indies just before the war.

Not that Peter Gladwin's account would encourage the average woman to try a long ocean voyage in a small boat. One man wanted to take his wife, but, writes the author, "We had decided that a woman on board, even if she were willing to run the galley, would be at best a nuisance, at worst a trouble-maker."

Though his story paints the pleasures of the sea in glowing colors, it gives full value to the discomfort and irritations of weeks in cramped quarters—a picture that would discourage all but your real female shellbacks.

Perhaps reincarnation is the only solution.

THE demand for spectacles in Britain since the National Health Scheme began has been so great that it has been the subject of some rather sour jokes.

Manufacturing opticians say the demand is for 12,000,000 pairs of lenses a year, whereas production was formerly 7,000,000 pairs.

Suggestions are made that lots of people are rushing to get glasses just because they are free. I think it more likely that lots of people who always needed them but couldn't afford them are now getting them prescribed.

Surely there aren't many people crazy enough to want to wear glasses for the fun of it. Anyone who lives in a family where some members wear them only for reading will tell you how continually they are mislaid.

It would be interesting to know how many of the new customers are women, seeing that young women are notoriously fractious about wearing spectacles.

I know one young girl who always left hers off whenever she could. She was deaf to entreaties about traffic dangers, but finally capitulated when she discovered the difficulties of being short-sighted at dances.

She was faced with the alternative of cutting young men whom she sighed for as partners, or wearing a permanent fixed smile, thereby encouraging those she wished to avoid.

* * *

THE Deputy-Speaker in the British House of Commons ruled recently that it wasn't unparliamentary to call another member an "official stooge."

My edition of the Concise Oxford Dictionary lists "stooge" in the Addenda, and gives its meaning as "Buti, foil, rap. for comedian (U.S.); person learning to fly."

However, since the word was listed, its meaning seems to have enlarged to denote a yes-man. To be called a stooge is very properly regarded as offensive.

Nevertheless, the Deputy-Speaker showed good sense in ruling that the use of it was not unparliamentary. Allowing the use of a word is one way of weakening its value as an insult, and saves much Parliamentary time.

A couple of months ago the Speaker of the N.S.W. State House said that the word "lying" was used so frequently by all parties that he would permit its use.

I don't know what effect this had on Parliamentary proceedings, but it seemed a sensible move.

The net effect of most speeches in Federal or State Houses, when directed against speeches made by the opposing faction, is to infer that the other fellow is telling a great big fib.

* * *

THE man who was charged recently in London with putting slug-killer in tea and butter "with intent to annoy his father-in-law" interests me.

Wonder what he'd have used had he wanted to make the old man really furious?

* * *

IN Deep Freeze units now on show in Sydney some food is said to keep fresh for five years. Which gives us a picture of entertaining in the future:

If you'd care for some period food on the board
We'll expect you on Thursday to dine
On some ancient beef that we picked up and stored—
Such luck—back in forty-nine.

The coffee, we're sorry, is modern, my dears,
(I just ran across to the shop).
But the ice-cream has been in the family for years,
And the peas are a vintage crop.

The bones for the soup were some that I bought
One year when I'd time to fill,
And the fish is an old one that Uncle Tom caught,
And bequeathed it to us in his will.

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Australian girl as saboteur

Jumped from planes, used guns and high explosives

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Australian-born Mrs. Nancy Fiocca, formerly Nancy Wake, who left Sydney 13 years ago for a trip round the world, has returned, bringing with her the George Medal, the Croix de Guerre, the U.S. Medal of Freedom, and a bottle of Schiaparelli's "Shocking" perfume.

As a member of the Maquis, the French resistance movement, Nancy Fiocca parachuted into German occupied territory, blew up trains, and single-handed knocked out a German post, using a Bren gun.

NANCY FIOCCA, photographed after her return to Australia.

BUT the first thing she talked about when I interviewed her soon after her arrival was the high price of French perfume here.

Nancy won her decorations for her wartime bravery in France, where she helped servicemen to escape to freedom, and later became a saboteur before the landing in Normandy.

In the Sydney hotel where I met her, Nancy and her English friend, Kathleen Hampson, were having a mid-morning cup of coffee.

Nancy, dressed in an attractively cut rose-pink linen dress, has a natural and friendly personality. She has wavy dark hair brushed back from her face, blue eyes, curving dark eyebrows, and a frank smile.

Nancy Wake, who was brought up at Neutral Bay, Sydney, went abroad in 1936 to see the world and perhaps take a job in London.

During her travels in Europe she met and became engaged to a Frenchman, Henri Fiocca, and in the November after war started they were married in Marseilles.

With the invasion of France by the Germans everything changed, and so did the whole course of Nancy Fiocca's life.

When France surrendered, she was living in her home at Marseilles.

Escaping British soldiers straggled through on their way to freedom, and Nancy helped her countrymen, gave them clothes and food, and sent them off towards the Spanish border.

Gradually news of her work reached London, and an escape organisation known as O'Leary got in touch with her

The organisation sent her money, but couldn't send supplies. She helped more than 1000 men to escape.

Once a German spy posed as an escaping airman, but the organisation soon found out.

"I don't know what happened to him," Nancy says rather grimly.

In 1942 she left France.

"I walked out," she states, "over the mountains into Spain. Over mountain after mountain. For 47 hours I just kept going. I didn't have any trouble, although since that episode I've never been very fond of walking."

For illegally entering Spain Nancy was held for seven days at a town called Gerona. Then the British Consul got her out, and she celebrated her release in ice-cream.

After she reached England she was put through a course in sabotage at a secret training base. Of ten trainees she was the only woman.

The course included handling high explosives, and she was taught to fire any weapon and to jump by parachute from either an aircraft or a barrage balloon.

During this time Henri was relieved to think that his wife was safe in England, well out of danger.

Nancy didn't mind jumping out of an aircraft, but hated the jump from a balloon.

She says that everything was so quiet on a balloon as it rose silently in the night, and that when jumping from a balloon the parachute takes a long time to open.

Sometimes she wondered in that long time of falling whether it would open at all.

IN UNIFORM with parachutist's badge. Picture of Nancy Fiocca taken in 1946.

Fully trained at last, Nancy set off in a U.S. Liberator for France.

She wore a well-cut black-and-white striped coat and skirt, and a beautiful camel-hair coat.

"Even in war, to be badly dressed in France would draw comment," she told me.

She had beautiful shoes, a matching handbag, false money and ration books, and a Sten gun and knife.

The organisation had prepared a story in advance. If questioned she was to say that she was a secretary, and worked for a doctor.

"But I wasn't questioned," she says thankfully.

She still has the camel-hair coat (will never part with it), which is rather short for the present fashion.

Over Herisson, in the Department of Allier, at 1 o'clock in the morning, Nancy, wearing overalls over her clothes, jumped from the Liberator, felt the parachute open, and dropped with precision on to a prickly hedge.

Obtained plans

WHEN she extricated herself from the hedge she found French people waiting for her. They took her overalls and parachute away and destroyed them, and Nancy set about her work.

This was to get the plans for three factories, and the plans for underground telephone lines which the Germans had installed.

Nancy got plans for two factories with the help of an Englishman, but not the third.

By talking and letting people talk to her she could piece together pieces of information which made a whole, and soon she got what she wanted. This information was necessary for D-day and after, when the invading troops would know exactly where to cut the lines.

Nancy had another trip to England in 1943. That year her husband, Henri Fiocca, was killed by the Germans, but his wife did not know this until the war ended.

After more instruction a Lysander flew Nancy back into France, and, by now parachuting being mere routine, she landed near Vichy, where she stayed until the invasion.

"I put my explosives training into use," she said. "I worked with others, and we blew up railways and roads, and Germans.

"Once I was held for a few days, suspected of blowing up a building in Toulouse, but this time I hadn't done it, although I knew all about it.

"One of our chief men (an Englishman) walked in, pretended to be a German, said I was his special girl-friend, and we walked out. No trouble."

Nancy spent a lot of time working with the resistance, the Maquis, in the mountains of Central France.

"It was terrific, jagged country, like the Alps in Switzerland," she says, "but the Maquis knew all the tracks and escape routes.

"When I was with them, the Germans made the biggest attack ever on the Maquis. Twenty-two thousand SS troops with five Junkers 88's attacked us.

"There were only 4000 of us, but in the fight they lost 1400 and we only 400. We got out at night, having the advantage over the Germans of knowing the country. In groups of ten we slipped away—more walking for me."

While waiting for the special messages "Apple" (get ready to blow objectives up) and "Beer" (blow up), meaning that the troops were ready to land, Nancy continued her career as a saboteur and won her George Medal.

The citation says that Nancy "single-handed knocked out a German post," while Nancy, belittling this action, says that she just used her training with a Bren gun.

The U.S. Medal of Freedom was earned by the rescue of two American officers in the forest of Troncet.

Attractive Nancy Fiocca was born and reared in the harbor suburb of Neutral Bay. Her mother, Ella, and father, Charles Wake, had six children, four girls and two boys. Nancy was the youngest.

"I was a tomboy," Nancy says with a laugh. "I was always in the surf, coming home with my hair full of salt, and a sunburned face, or going swimming in the baths. I went to school at North Sydney Girls' High, and I never learnt French at all."

It wasn't until 1939 that Nancy caught up on the overlooked French. This was when she was living in France, picking up the language from everyday experience.

After she left school Nancy started a secretarial course.

"I didn't finish that," she says. "It must have been the wanderlust, or something, because I set off to London via Canada in 1936 to see the world. Well, I did that too before the war started."

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Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

A WHITE sharkskin suit designed for a trousseau, which should still be fashionable next season.

LENGTH of their dresses and whether bare shoulders should be worn by the young are problems which beset teenagers in particular. I have answered letters on both these points this week, and at the other end of the scale is a reader who asks for advice on clothes for the matron of over 50 who does not get a new dress every season.

Trousseau suit

"COULD you please help me about a style for a white sharkskin suit which is to be part of my trousseau? I fancy a slim skirt and a jacket with a collar. I would like it to be fashionable next season, too. Would it be necessary to line the jacket?"

A suit made with back fullness in the jacket, which has a deep rounded collar (the cape collar look is good fashion), and a slim four-gored skirt, slit back and front, is illustrated on this page, in answer to your request. The pockets of the jacket are finished with self bands and gold buttons that match the ones used for fastening. Although sharkskin is an excellent material and weight for tailoring, I advise you to line the jacket of your suit. A lined jacket keeps its shape and appearance far longer than an unlined garment.

For long wear

"AS a woman in the late fifties I would like you to advise me about a new frock. The problem is I have to wear my clothes a long time, and with so many changes in fashion it is difficult to know what to buy."

Your problem can be solved nicely with a coat-dress. The long lines of this type of dress are becoming to the older woman, and the design itself is comfortable and easy to slip into. The color you choose is extremely important. Pinky wine, dark greeny blue, and grey are all good colors for you. The main thing is to see that the color really does things for your complexion. A woman of your years must, to some extent, depend for color on that reflected from her clothing.

Formal debut

"I AM shortly to make my debut at a formal ball, and would like you to let me know if I could wear a strapless bodice on my dress of white nylon, because this is a style that suits me very well."

Why not? You want to look your prettiest, and if the style suits you wear it. However, what I do consider to be a good idea is a matching stole and matching long gloves. Have the dress with a really wide skirt, the strapless bodice snug-fitting, and cuffed at the top with a deep fold of material. Make a matching stole with six full rows of ruffles.

First evening party

"MY daughter, aged 15 years, is off to her first evening party, and, having bought some pretty red-and-blue plaid taffeta for the dress, I can't decide how to make it up. Some of the older girls will be in floor-length frocks, and some in street length. Which should my daughter wear?"

Compromise, and put your daughter in a ballerina-length dress. I think this is a charming length for a 15-year-old's party dress. I advise a simple style; a bodice top finished with an oval neckline, shoulder bows, and little half-sleeves. Repeat the theme with a back sash, have the skirt moderately full, made so by all-round gathers.

Ten yards of chiffon

"HAVING bought about 10 yards of white chiffon, with the intention of making it into underwear, I have now decided it is pretty enough for a frock. Would you suggest a design?"

Chiffon is being used for both day and evening dresses. All-over shirred or pleated designs make excellent afternoon or "after five" dresses. At this hour, in my opinion, a chiffon looks best in a dark color, and as yours is white I consider it would be best worn in the evening. Have your dress made either on Grecian lines, worn with a matching stole, or as a fold-draped chiffon ankle dress.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"TRUBY." A smart jerkin suit made in check cambric. Colors obtainable are navy and white; mid-blue and white; green and white; and red and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 28/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"NORA." A pretty, low-necked blouse. The material is a light navy-and-white finely striped cambric.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 19/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 22/3. Postage, 8½d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 14/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 15/11. Postage, 8½d. extra.

"CLARISSA" and "CLARA." Two popular blouse designs in rayon crepe-de-chine, in white, pastel pink, and pastel blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/3. Postage, 10½d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 15/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 16/11. Postage, 10½d. extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in 3rd-ong., Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 406P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Dishwashing is a holiday with
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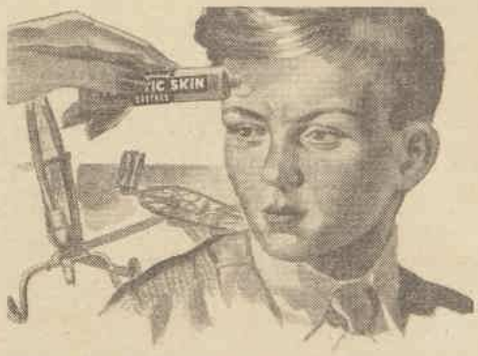
SAVES WORK IN THE KITCHEN AS WELL AS IN THE LAUNDRY



"Jack fell down and . . ."

What a relief for Mother to know that "Portex" Plastic Skin can bring such quick, healing protection whenever the skin is broken or tissue injured! Although a stinging sensation may be at first experienced, "Portex" . . . applied direct from the tube . . . quickly soothes and heals skin breakages with an antiseptic, flexible waterproof skin. *From Chemists Only* — 2/9d a tube.

Beware of Imitations!

"IT'S A CASE FOR PORTEX"

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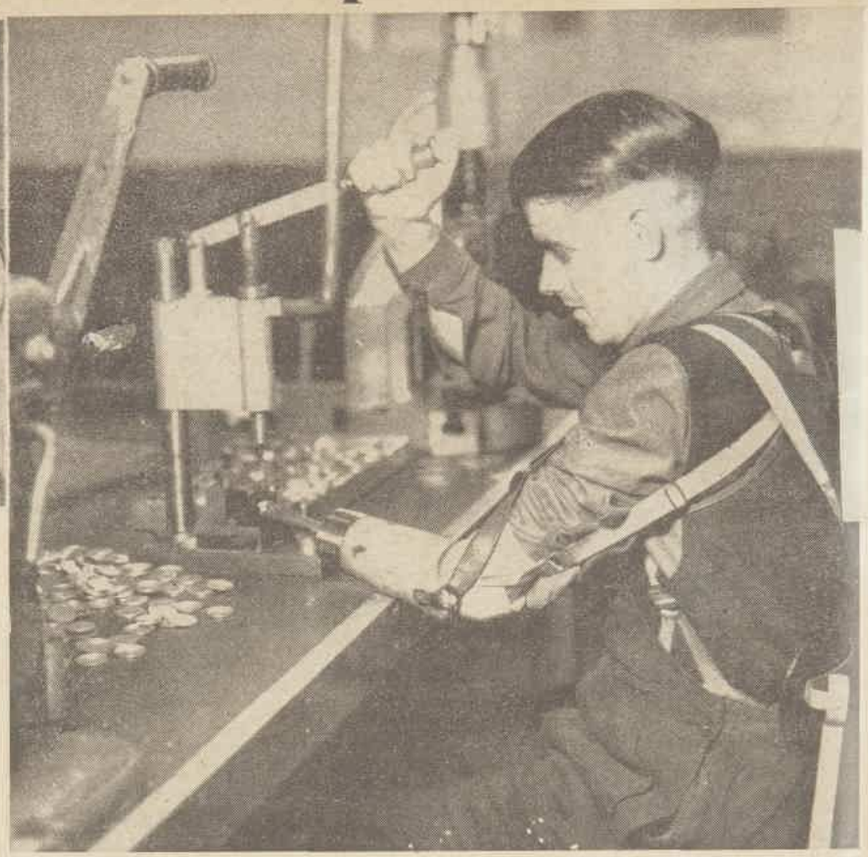
Disabled men help Britain's production drive

LEARNING TO TYPE with artificial hands, H. A. Harrold, who lost both his hands at Dunkirk when a grenade exploded in his hands, is assisted by Sister Culhane at the British Legion Rehabilitation Centre near Maidstone.



DISABLED VETERAN has overcome disabilities of arm amputation to work in light assembly side of factory that makes petrol floats. This Remploy factory, one of first to be Government subsidised, is at Bridgend.

Special factories train them for normal place in industry

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, of our London staff

Britain's Remploy factories, set up to re-establish disabled workers in industry, are proving a tremendous success in reducing the hardships of casualties.

The wounded of last war and the constantly recurring casualties of peace are back at work. No longer the care of philanthropic bodies, they are full of part-time workers in the new Remploy factories, set up by Act of Parliament to re-establish the disabled in industry.

THE Remploy factory brightens the future for those who could not go back to their old jobs—the young officer who lost a leg, the brilliant student stricken down with tuberculosis; the painter who can no longer climb a ladder; the miner who through disablement can never again go down the mine.

In these factories you can see the triumph of humor and spirit over physical disability and suffering. You can see the men and women who have trodden the road back to independence and an assured future happiness.

The goods they make come off assembly lines into the big stores with no concession to their source. They are labelled "Remploy," and go to the consumer in exactly the same way as any other factory products.

This is one of the most important psychological factors in the re-employment of disabled persons.

To see their work on sale in shops like Harrods and Selfridges, to take the wife and kiddies along on Saturday and look at their furniture and other manufactures selling side by side with other work indistinguishable in quality and design, is a big step in overcoming the inferiority a disabled person feels in industry.

Spero Industries is one of the Remploy factories right in London, where modern methods of training combine with remedial measures to make best use of the potentialities of the permanently sick and disabled.

At Spero, a factory for men suffering from tuberculosis, extensions are already being planned to cope with the increase in business and new intake of workers.

The work of this factory has been most inspiring. In addition to the medical attention given the workers, and many psychological, sociological, and industrial problems being overcome, this factory is exporting goods to dollar areas and branching out into the fashion market with new designs in handbags and leather-goods that can hold their own in style and craftsmanship with anything in the West End.

BLINDNESS will be less of a disability for this war veteran when he completes his training as a poultry farmer at the famous St. Dunstan's Training Centre for the Blind.

"We are learning all the time," the manager, a young ex-Air Force officer, told me.

Here the men have an entirely new economic outlook, for they draw from about 70 per cent. of union rates, depending on their ability, progressing right up to full union rates.

This means they are paid an hourly rate of 1/9 from the beginning, rising on the average to about 2/9 per hour as they become more skilled.

Assured earnings go a long way to help complete recovery.

"The first thing we did," the manager told me, "was to try to produce normal industrial conditions comparable to similar factories.

"Men come here from industry as well as the Services, and we try our utmost to give them working conditions that will make them forget they are in any way disabled.

"Our products are all sold on the open market, and we have to take the rub of competition.

"There is no sympathy buying, though sympathy may get us a hearing. But our experience is that sympathy doesn't sell the goods."

In the Spero factory I saw cheerful Cockneys working together in bright, clean workrooms on some of the light utility furniture I had so often admired in better-class stores.

Bookshelves, occasional tables, neat fireside chairs were being planed and put together, polished or painted, upholstered, checked over and passed out.

Getting better

"THESE men would be unhappy in sanitoriums," their shop steward said; "they are all getting better by living a family life in normal surroundings and coming to work here, where there is little chance for them to indulge in self-pity."

Miss Spencer, the nurse, was watching her patients carefully — "Though I never let them know that I am taking more than a passing interest in their work," she said.

But over-fatigue, or the slightest suggestion that the worker's medical condition is deteriorating, and nurse is on the phone to the medical officer for the district.

According to the nurse's report, the men are put on light or heavy work, full time or part time, and some are under treatment at the clinic all the time.

None come to the factory until they are certified as able to work a minimum of 30 hours. This varies with different factories and disabilities, of course.

The liaison work done by the nurse keeps the medical officers in touch with those who are careless about their health.

Miss Spencr says it is constant vigilance rather than any form of nursing that makes the Spero workers as well as they are.

"Seventy per cent. of the battle is self-confidence," she says.

"We have here," she said, "men who have been haunted by fear that they would be dismissed as soon as their employers found they had T.B. Now that fear has gone."

At Spero the hours are normal factory hours. But some of the workers are only part time. Absenteeism is, of course, very high, but is allowed for in getting the work out to time.

Every piece of wood in the Spero factory is cut into easily handled lengths, and dust extraction plants keep the atmosphere clean.

In fact, the air in the Spero factory is much purer than the sooty air in the street outside.

Able men cut the wood and do all the really heavy work, and the T.B. workers are trained on the job, being promoted and earning more money as their health allows.

All the workers are encouraged to take great care of themselves, and five days' paid sick leave is allowed per quarter. The National Health Scheme covers the remaining needs of a patient.

Since the Remploy factories were started hundreds of small factories have been set up all over Britain. They cater for an assortment of disabilities.

As a rule they are placed in industrial areas and draw their employees from the immediate neighborhood.

Remploy factories accommodate 10,000 men, and a grant of £1,750,000 was made by Parliament for 1947-48.

While some factories pay their way, others trade at a loss, and this is made up by the Government.

The original factory set up at Herwarn Trading Estate, Glamorgan, was put out of business by competition from firms employing young girls. They made electrical equipment.

In addition to the Remploy factories, all employers of more than 20 people are obliged to take in three per cent. disabled workers, and there is a hint of prosecution for those employers who shirk their responsibilities.

During the training period for re-employment wages are £3/17/- and £4/8/-.

At Llwynypia and at Merthyr Tydfil and other mining centres there are Remploy factories for miners suffering from silicosis and other industrial diseases.

Patience needed

AT a factory in East Anglia, where the workers were making gates and chicken-houses, hampers and cycle-baskets, the factory manager, Captain T. Earl, told me:

"The ordinary employer has no time to train disabled men. It often needs patience, but our aim here is to give them an interest in life, as well as enable them to earn money to supplement their pensions."

I met Freddie Higgs, of the Hampshire Regiment, blinded at Alamein and without hands. He was working the lift at the Bridgend factory with gadgets fixed to his wrists.

Without this useful work Freddie would have been one of the pitiable victims of the war. As it was he was independent and cheerful.

Everywhere in industry one finds these men who before the war had their strength and vigor, and now find life again an adventure in the battlefields of British industry, men with battered bodies and broken souls being healed by the steady rhythm of industrial progress in which they join.

In the workrooms dejection is banished and a helping hand is available from workmates.

To re-employ these disabled men and women has now become the employer's privilege and not his task, and the results of this Remployment are reflected in Britain's industrial output.

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CHOSEN AS THE WORLD'S BEST-DRESSED

● *Wide interest is attached each year to the nationwide poll held in America to decide the world's ten best-dressed women. It is conducted by the New York Dress Institute, and 150 designers and fashion editors vote. The six women pictured here were among the ten and the remainder were the Duchess of Windsor, the Duchess of Kent, Mrs. Harrison Williams, and Mrs. Howard Hawks. A notable name missing from list was Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, the dramatist-politician, usually mentioned.*

ELEGANT young wife of William Randolph Hearst, jun., was sixth on list of world's 10 best-dressed **women**.

WORLD'S BEST-DRESSED WOMAN, Mrs. William Paley, dancing with film star Pierre Aumont. Her husband is director of Columbia Broadcasting System. She ignores fashion, wears what suits her.

SECOND on list was Mrs. Millicent Rogers, heiress to huge oil fortune. Duchess of Windsor was voted third.

PARISIAN Mme. Louis Arpels was ninth on list. Of a possible 150 votes 22 went to Queen Mary. Princess Margaret and Margaret Truman also received votes.

WIFE OF HEIR to Vanderbilt fortune, Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was voted fifth.

FOURTH on list was lovely Mrs. Andre Embiricos, who is the wife of a Greek shipping magnate.

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In Australia over 60,000 Smart women are wearing

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One of the "Tailor Maid" Collection of 23 blouses in washable white rayon, copied from Californian-styled successes, sizes 32 to 38, from 36/11.

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Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran **to-day.** Sold at all grocers.

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Kellogg's All-Bran is a blood tonic—richer in iron than spinach. It helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood" . . . cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.

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AB19

His Feet on the Ground

Continued from page 5

RONNIE raised her eyebrows. "Why the change of heart? You've never let me get near a plane, not even for a joy ride."

"I know," Phil said. He had always discouraged her for the good and simple reason that she had no business in the air. Flying, his kind of flying, was a man's work, and his wife had no place in it. "I know, but the change might do you good."

She gave him an unenthusiastic look. "That's thoughtful. That's sweet of you. But I don't think I'd care for it very much."

"Yes, you would," he said without conviction. "You don't know, because you've never been up."

Ronnie smiled at him slowly. "I like flying men," she said. "Flying men and clinging women." She rose then, crisply, as if in decision. "Dinner's ready."

Phil sat at the table facing her uncomfortably, going through the surface motions of eating. Ronnie had prepared all his favorite dishes, and he assured himself that this evening was like all the evenings that had gone before. Neither of them had changed since the last time; they were the same two rational people living in adult harmony.

But now there was a definite wariness and tension between them, a kind of polite tension, which he could not account for. Because he was not in the habit of analysing himself or his feelings this thought kept bothering him, and when the phone rang he stood up in relief.

Ronnie's fork stopped in mid-air. "If anybody wants to know," she said, "we're out of town."

He crossed to the stand in the hall quickly and lifted the receiver. It was Wal. "Sorry to break in on your home life," Wal said, "but Marcus just called me."

Phil set his shoulders, the exasperation rising in him. "I told you before," he said crossly. "It's no deal."

"This is something else," Wal said. He sounded agreeable and unperturbed, and Phil could visualise him sprawled in his swivel chair, holding the phone in one hand and filling out logbooks with the other, as solid and complacent as a worn shoe. "Marcus wants you to fly him to Winnipeg."

"Winnipeg? But that's half across the country."

"That's right," Wal said. "He expects to be gone two weeks anyway."

Phil glanced over his shoulder. Ronnie was sitting as he had left her, her napkin clutched in a wad on her lap and her eyes fixed on him with a curious faraway intensity. More quietly he said, "I can't get away for a few days yet."

"I understand," Wal said. "But it has to be to-morrow noon or else. He has a reservation on the next day's main liner, and his business won't wait. If you take him, you can name your own price."

"Look, Wal," he said. "I don't see how I can."

"That's what you want me to tell Marcus?"

Phil sighed. "No," he said. "Tell him I'll be ready to-morrow noon."

When he returned to the table Ronnie's face was expressionless, and he dabbled with a pool of ice-cream on his plate, avoiding her eyes. After a moment he realised that her silence was deliberate and a flush crept up the back of his neck. "I'd turn him down," he said defensively, "but it means too much money."

She stacked the dishes and carried them to the sink without answering. He watched her back through the door and then he walked up behind her and laid the package beside her. This was not the time, he knew, but he hoped obscurely that in some way it might help cover his inadequacy to explain.

"I'm sorry," he said awkwardly. "Next time we'll take a real holiday."

Ronnie's eyes were thoughtful as she snipped the string and slipped off the outer wrappings. She unfolded the tissue paper and opened a jeweller's box. A clip in the shape of aviator's wings, outlined in red, white, and blue chip diamonds and tiny rubies and sapphires, sparkled against the velvet cushion. She held it up to the light, her mouth open in astonishment as bits of iridescent fire flashed across the walls.

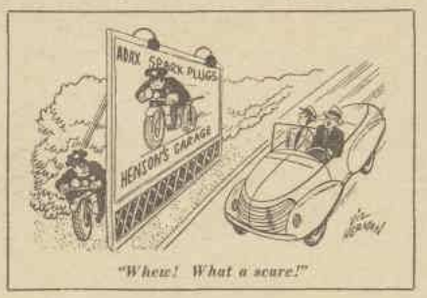
"It's gorgeous, Phil," she said finally. She gave him a long, level glance. "It's like you, isn't it?"

Carefully she replaced the clip in the box and closed the lid. Phil took a deep breath. He said, "If you don't like it—"

"But I do like it." She shook some soap chips into the dish and filled it with hot water from the tap. "It must have been very expensive."

The way she said it made the clip sound cheap and tawdry. She slid the engagement ring from her finger and tested the suds. "You can't afford to stay at home once with your wife," she said, "but you can afford a diamond clip."

Phil shoved his hands in his pockets. They had argued before, but never about his flying engagements, and he stood there angry and bitter that she should make an issue of this one.



"Whew! What a scare!"

"Oh!" he said. "So that's it."

"That's it," Ronnie said quietly. "Why kid ourselves any longer?" She dried her hands on her apron and turned around to face him. "We haven't a home or a marriage. We have a hotel room where you can spend the night if you happen to be passing through."

"I'm glad to know how you feel," he said with sarcasm. His own feeling, too, the one that had haunted him all afternoon, he could define now. It was a cornered, trapped feeling, of hands reaching out and binding him to one job and one place. And he saw, suddenly, that she had never really understood, that what she wanted and what he wanted were two entirely different things.

"But you might have told me sooner," he added.

"I tried to tell you," she said, and her voice was even and unhurried. "I tried, but you never listened."

Phil eyed her in silence, holding his temper. All the homely sounds of the neighborhood—a dog barking, children, a radio—seemed to fill and overflow the kitchenette. And it struck him as odd how unrelated and foreign these things were to himself and to his interests. That it should be so was too bad, perhaps, but he could not see that he was to blame.

Ronnie said, "It wasn't so hard at first. You were gone overnight with tourists on short trips. Then the trips got longer, and you were off a week and ten days at a time. Now, as far as I'm concerned, you might as well be back in the Air Force."

"You're not being fair," he said. "Flying people wherever they want to go is my business."

"It's not your business. It's your mental condition, your delusion of grandeur. I kept telling myself that you'd recover, but the symptoms are getting worse instead of better."

Phil swallowed uncertainly. In the back of his mind, he supposed, he had always known that Ronnie disliked and even hated his flying and the risk connected with it, and he wondered how he could have mistaken her outward calm for anything like resignation.

"What did you expect me to do?" he demanded.

Ronnie went on as though she hadn't heard. "I made allowances for the way you felt. You were a glamor boy, and it was fun for a while. But the reconversion is over. It's time to settle down and pull your head out of the clouds."

"Settle down?" he snapped. "Like Wal, I suppose. To a regular job from nine to six with Sundays off for good behaviour. Is that your idea of the way to live?"

Ronnie's eyes flashed. "Yes! Mine and a few thousand other wives. Only you're too selfish and self-centred to see it!"

She stepped past him, her heels tapping on the linoleum, and the bedroom door clicked behind her with finality. Phil leaned against the sink, regarding the pile of unwashed dishes. The music of the night came into him again, modulated and yet depressing as a cry. He swore and banged the window shut.

When he opened his eyes next morning the clock on the bedside table said 10.30. The other twin bed was unmade and the house was still. He peered at himself in the bathroom mirror with distaste and sloshed cold water over his face. Stalking down the hall, he found Ronnie's note pinned to the jeweller's box with the clip: "Am taking my lesson. Have fun in Winnipeg."

He unpinned the paper and crumpled it into a ball and threw it at the fireplace. For an instant he thought wildly of calling her at the country club; instead he phoned for a taxi to take him to the airport. That, he told himself, was that. She hadn't even waited long enough to say good-bye.

Please turn to page 28

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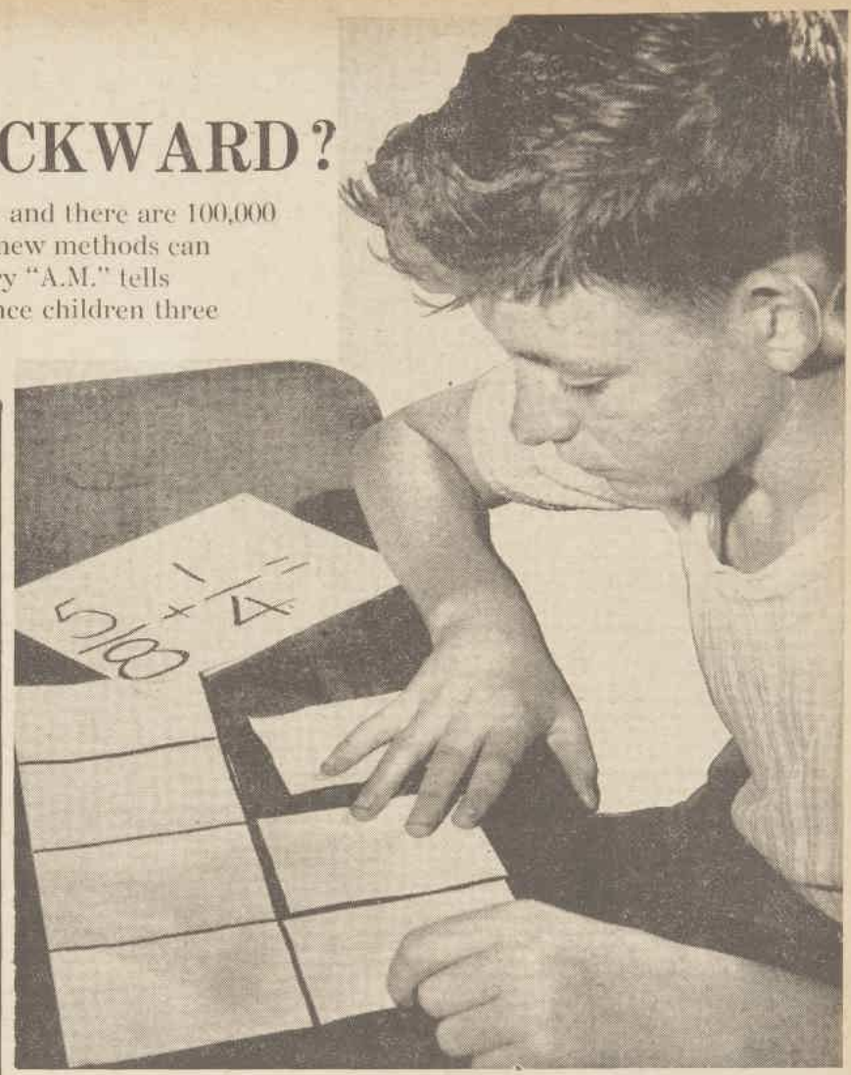
If your child is "dull" at school . . . and there are 100,000 children like him in Australia . . . new methods can make him a normal pupil. February "A.M." tells you how these methods can advance children three years in 12 months.

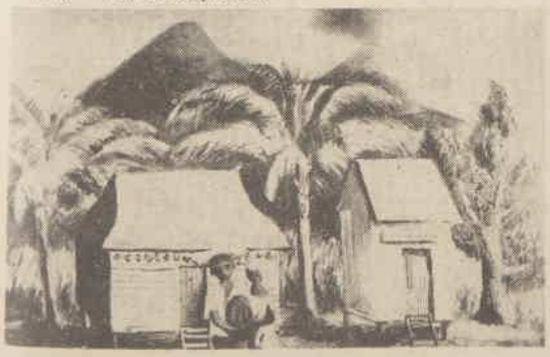


BLITZ FROM THE MOON!

Could an army like this "space-man" invade us from the moon? It's not as far-fetched as you may think. "A.M."'s story is written in consultation with Sydney University authorities.

TEST TUBE ORCHIDS

A young Australian scientist is growing orchids that cost as little as 2/6 a spray. "A.M." gives you the full story — with color pictures.



YOUR PICTURE TO FRAME

In glorious color and measuring 17½" by 14½". It's by leading Australian woman painter Elaine Haxton.

Take an advance peep at all this "A.M." reading —and pictures, too!

"Seven Men Guard Your Freedom" by D. L. Thompson. The story of the High Court, whose decisions affect every Australian. With color picture of Sir John Latham, the Chief Justice.

"The Case of the Five Men and a Boat." Australia's strangest mystery — of five men who disappeared off the coast of Bermagui during the gold rush of the 'eighties.

"No More Toothache?" An "A.M." reporter tells you about the fluorine experiment — which may make tooth decay a thing of the past.

"Half Naked Truth" by Lawrence G. Blockman. Another mystery with your favorite detective, Dr. Dan Coffee. Many, many chuckles to each page.

"Mustering Madness" by F. R. Farmer. An Australian story with all the authentic atmosphere of the outback.

"Lessons for Two" by Norman F. Way. Another Australian story with a deep vein of humanity running through it.

Wild Pig Hunting. In northwest N.S.W. the locals catch wild pigs alive to fatten them for sale.

Sport Fiction 3 full-blooded stories that make great reading for your week-end.

Sport Personalities. This month "A.M."'s sporting experts introduce you to sensational aboriginal boxer Jack Hassen . . . 18-year-old cricket star Jim Burke . . . Walter Lindrum, world billiards champion . . . millionaire American golfer Frank Stranahan . . . and "a jockey called Gilligan."

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ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

His Feet on the Ground

Continued from page 26

As Phil hurried across to the hangar a few minutes later, he noted with glum satisfaction that the office was empty. He slid on to a stool in the mess shack beside Eddie and ordered coffee. Eddie left off kidding the waitress behind the counter.

"Gee, Mr. Blackburn," he said with envy, "you're leavin' already. You sure do get around."

"Yes," Phil said. "It's a great life."

Up to a certain point he admitted that Ronnie was right. He had taken her for granted, and he had stepped on her pride, but what she demanded of him because of that was too much. Nobody, not even his wife, had the right to ground him.

He peered out the window sourly as a Cub floated in for a landing. The wheels bounced in a smooth three-pointer and the ship taxied leisurely towards the dismount line and glided to a stop.

He dropped a coin beside his cup and walked out. Wal and a tall brunette in a leather jacket had climbed out of the trainer and were coming towards him. Before he could escape, Wal called, "How was that one for a beginner?"

Phil halted in his tracks and stood there speechless.

"What are you doing here?" he asked Ronnie angrily, as she came up with Wal.

They stopped, and Wal gave her a broad wink. "Looks as if the old man caught up with you," he said.

Phil looked from one to the other in growing impotence and rage, and then he found his voice. "You!" he shouted. "You're taking a golf lesson!"

"No, dear," Ronnie said. "I'm taking a flying lesson. And Wal says I show promise."

Wal beamed. "You'll be flying rings around that bird-brain husband of yours before long."

Phil took a grip on himself. This was all very clever and amusing, but it left him with a shaken, empty feeling. In a gritty voice he said, "How long's this been going on?"

"Last few months. Whenever you're out she piles up a few more hours," Wal said cheerfully. He gave her head a pat. "Don't forget—be here to-morrow, same time, to take your licence."

Phil glared at his retreating back and swung around on Ronnie. Her face was pale, but she met his eyes with defiance.

"Licence!" he fumed. "You're not getting your licence to-morrow or any other day!"

Ronnie put out a hand to steady herself. "If you don't mind," she said coldly, "I'm going to sit down."

He stamped into the office behind her. She sank into the chair and closed her eyes. Phil eyed her in a brooding silence, drumming his fingers on the desk top.

"You won't go up with me," he growled at length, "but you will with anybody else. I don't get it."

Ronnie's lids fluttered. "No, I don't suppose you do," she said.

"I thought I could trust you. But as soon as my back is turned you sneak out here and fly. Of all the crazy stunts——"

Ronnie glanced at him from under her lashes. "I thought you'd be pleased."

"Pleased?" All the cross purposes of the past few minutes seemed to focus before his inner vision then in one sharp image. He had been afraid; afraid for Ronnie, and now he was furious and relieved at the same time.

"You knew it would upset me," he went on angrily. "All the time I'm gone I'll be worried sick. Worried whether you're cracking up or overshooting the field or hanging upside down from a telegraph pole. Well, you're not going up any more. I won't have it. You're acting like a spoilt child. An obstinate, unreasonable child——"

He heard his voice going on and on, angry and aggrieved, but his mind held back from what he was saying, and it came to him that the words sounded strangely familiar and identical, as though he had repeated them all before, not once but many times. He caught Ronnie's eye and came to a confused halt.

"Anything might happen to you," he finished lamely. "How do you suppose I feel about that?"

"Phil—" she had been listening with solemn attention, and now she sat up straight and there was a quirk around her mouth. "Why, Phil, I believe you really mean it."

"Of course I mean it," he said indignantly. He watched her, trying to be outraged, but the feeling had ebbed away. He couldn't say any more. He looked into her face, able to see them both with perspective again, and his throat caught in a tight knot.

"It's probably an error, but let's go in, anyway."

Ronnie belonged in a house on a quiet street, bringing up a family and cooking for a man who came home seven nights a week. She was just like any woman, and he didn't want her otherwise.

"Ronnie." He put a hand on her shoulder. "I wasn't talking about you just now," he said slowly. "It seems I was talking about a fool by the name of Phil Blackburn."

Some of the color had returned to Ronnie's cheeks. "I'm sorry if I gave you a shock," she said, "but if you can see how I feel, too——"

"I must have been blind not to see it a long time ago. But when you stepped out of that plane—something hit me." He grinned self-consciously. "I guess you gave me some of my own medicine."

"Not medicine," she murmured. "Sauce, dear. They call it sauce for the gander."

They both started at the sound of squealing tyres outside in the parking lot. A sedan stopped and a man carrying a briefcase hopped out. Ronnie's face was grave again. "You'd better hurry," she said. "Here comes Marcus."

Phil put a hand under her elbow and they walked out into the hangar. His plane was silhouetted against the field, black and sleek with latent power. The propeller blades glinted in the sun like beckoning arms, and he stood there a minute considering a little regretfully, watching Eddie refuel.

Then he let out a breath and felt himself relax. "How would you like to help me manage an airport?" he said quietly.

Ronnie opened her mouth, but just then Eddie broke in. "Why, hullo there, Mrs. Blackburn," he called. He unscrewed the nozzle on the petrol hose and grinned. "Haven't seen you around the field in a coon's age."

Ronnie lowered her head and her ears went pink. Phil gave her a startled, half-incredulous look, and then he chuckled in sudden comprehension. Ronnie had never been in the air before that morning, the flight she had engineered was for his special benefit.

She said guiltily, "I'm a shameless liar. But don't blame Wal. It was all my idea."

Phil laughed. "I don't blame anybody but myself."

Her eyes came up to him bright and pleading. "I thought I'd be scared," she said, "but it was wonderful. The longer we waited up there for you to arrive the more I liked it. In fact, I think I will try for a licence."

Phil reached into his pocket. He knew what he wanted, still, but he wanted Ronnie's happiness more. That was the important, the vital thing. He picked the diamond clip from the box and pinned it on her blouse.

"From now on you take your flying lessons from me," he said. He lifted her chin and kissed her. "You've earned your wings already."

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Career Woman

Continued from page 9

SPEAKING into the phone again Carol made an appointment to see the persistent Mr. Wrenn.

"I'll try not to tell him anything that will make you seem undignified," she assured Leta sedately, "but I don't like taking the responsibility. You let everybody else interview you. I don't see why you're so mean to Mr. Wrenn. Unless it's something personal," she added, her eyes gleaming with interest.

"It's something chronic," Leta said. "Better send my lunch into Mr. Maybrook's office. I have to sell him the idea of not coming to Pittsburgh."

In his office, Mr. Maybrook was eating his lunch, which consisted of nuts, orange juice, and dry biscuits. He was a handsome, rather harried-looking man in his forties.

Leta surveyed him critically. "New suit," she said. "You should have had four buttons on the cuffs."

"Your word is my law on anything connected with the store, Leta," he said, "but kindly let me decide how many buttons to have on my cuffs."

"My perfectionism and attention to detail are what make me invaluable to you," Leta told him. "I'm quoting from a leading picture magazine."

"By the way, a fellow named Wrenn wants to interview me about you."

"Brush him off," Leta said. "I did."

"Don't be so high-handed. Publicity of the right sort never hurt anyone."

"The story of how I became a high-powered department-store executive has already appeared in four magazines, not counting the trade daily. One writer told me he could sell it to the movies if I would supply a love interest. You'd be the logical choice," she added thoughtfully, "but mother would forbid the banns."

"I thought your mother liked me."

"She adores you," Leta assured him. "It's her dearest wish to see me married, but she says she'd feel so sorry for the man that she couldn't bear to have it happen to someone she liked . . . Want your vitamins now?"

"Please."

Leta rummaged in one of the corner cupboards, which was stuffed with health foods, drugs, and tonics.

"If you ate good, solid food instead of all this junk," she said, handing him a red capsule, "maybe you wouldn't be so nervous and irritable."

"A qualified specialist supervises my diet. All I wish to consult you about at the moment is the Pittsburgh store. I'm worried about your plans for the opening. I think I'd better go out there with you tonight."

"Entirely unnecessary. I have it all lined up."

When she got home that evening she noticed that the dining-room table was set only for four people. She burst into her mother's room. "I thought you were going to have dinner with us," she said. "The Griswolds will be disappointed. So will George. He's one of your fans."

"They can come in and say hello to me," Mrs. Church said. "You're going to the theatre, so your dinner will be rushed. I'd rather have a tray and eat in peace."

"You're spoiled," Leta said sternly. "You think only of yourself."

"I know, dear. I can get away with it because I'm in demand. All my children want me to live with them, and offer me very attractive inducements. If the play's any good, you might get me tickets for a matinee. But not to-morrow. I invited a Mr Wrenn to tea."

"Mother!"

"He had such a nice voice on the phone," Mrs. Church explained apologetically, "and he's having such a hard time finding anything new to write about you."

"I suppose you'll tell him my bright sayings as a child," Leta said fatalistically.

"I don't remember that you ever said anything very bright, dear . . . Your hair looks better. Not that George will notice the difference. He seems quite infatuated, poor fellow."

"Why 'poor fellow'? He's a very successful man."

"You'd make his so unhappy."

"Please don't tell Mr. Wrenn all your weird ideas about me," Leta added.

"I shall probably talk mostly about myself," Mrs. Church said with dignity. "I usually do."

The next day Mr. Wrenn came to tea. "My husband died when I was twenty-eight," Mrs. Church told him. He was a sandy-haired young man with a bad cold, a pleasant, rather vague expression, and temporarily inflamed but intelligent grey eyes.

"I had four children to support," she continued, "so I taught for the next fifteen years. All the children turned out well except Leta . . . More tea? It's good for your cold."

"Thanks." He got up and handed her his cup. "What was that you were saying about Leta?"

"She hasn't turned out so well," Mrs. Church said regretfully. "But I suppose there's still hope."

Mr. Wrenn suffered a paroxysm of sneezing. "Most people," he said when he recovered, "would consider her extremely successful."

"Success isn't everything. She's going to regret it bitterly when she wakes up some morning and realises she hasn't any children."

"Coming suddenly that way," he conceded, "it would be a shock."

"Plenty of men have wanted to marry her, and I've always discouraged her about them as much as possible, but so far nothing worked out."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It's fatal to urge Leta to do anything," Mrs. Church explained. "She's very self-willed. Confidentially, I think Charlie Maybrook is in love with her. Poor fellow."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's a hypochondriac now, and if Leta married him I'm afraid he'd develop something real. You'd better not put that in your story. Am I talking too much? Leta warned me——"

"This is intensely interesting," he assured her.

"Charlie is too high-strung to stand Leta," Mrs. Church continued. "She ought to marry a well-balanced, easy-going man who wouldn't pay any attention to her whims and tantrums, and who wouldn't mind being fussed over continually."

"I don't see why any man would mind that," Mr. Wrenn said wistfully.

"You're a bachelor," she diagnosed.

"And an orphan," he said pathetically. "I need your help, Mrs. Church. I forced this story down my boss' th—— I mean, I have a deadline to meet. I've been trying to see Leta for a week, but no soap."

"She's in Pittsburgh, opening the new store, and after that you may not want to write a story about her. I'm afraid she's going to make a mess of it."

"Why?"

"She's having the girls from a musical show model clothes—including the star, that Edith Mervale who's supposed to be so funny. She's a handful. Charlie Maybrook brought her here for supper after the theatre one night, and I may be old-fashioned, but I think it's a little too casual to stand on your head in mixed company. Leta will have trouble with her. Mark my words."

"I guess I'll have to go to Pittsburgh," Mr. Wrenn said, blowing his nose despondently.

"Don't think of going. You should take care of your cold."

"You're more than kind." He rose and shook her hand. "You must have tea with me next week, but I'll have to take you out, because my stove doesn't work and neither does my domestic."

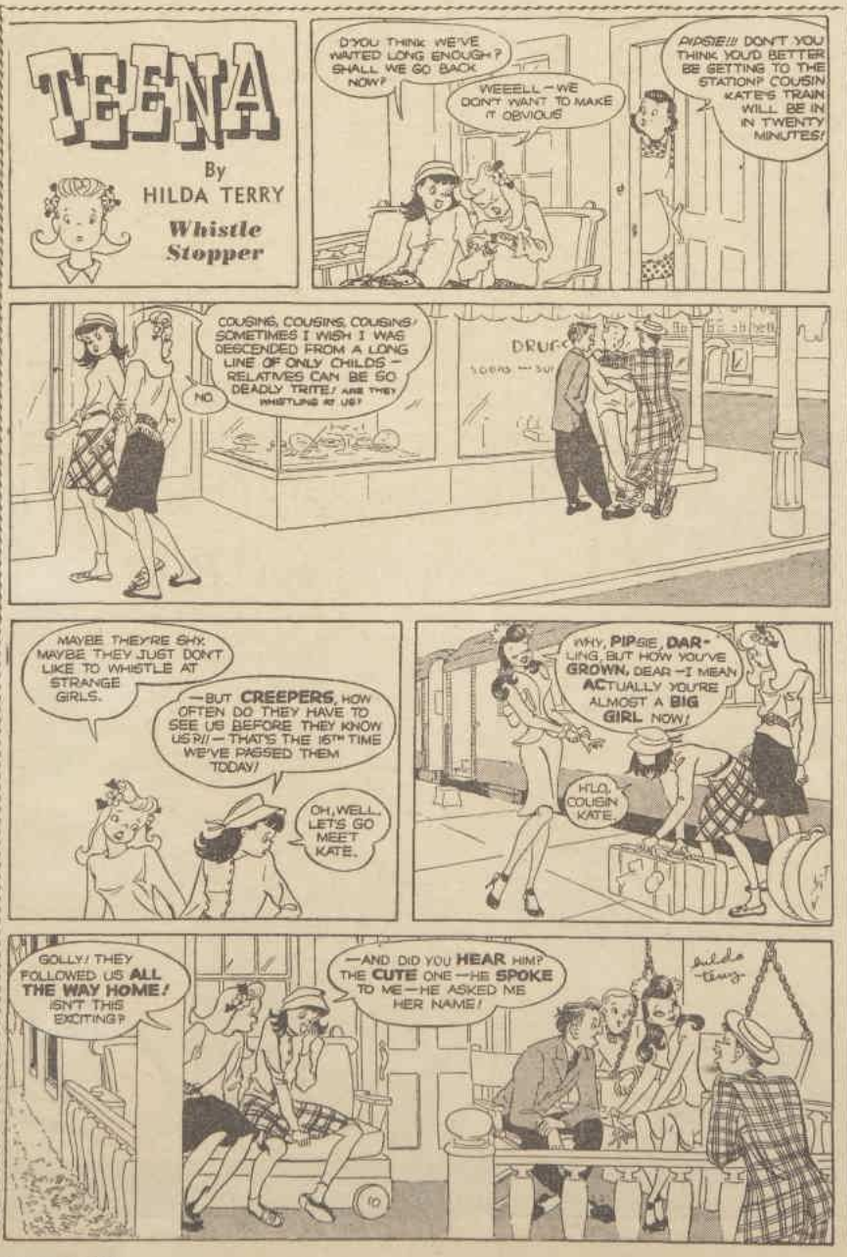
"Poor boy," she said sympathetically. "I know a place where they serve a very nice tea."

Leta got back to her suite at the hotel in Pittsburgh at about ten on Saturday evening, after spending a long day upsetting everybody at the new store. She sent Carol, who was in a state of collapse, to bed, ordered herself a substantial dinner, then kicked off her pumps and lay down on the couch in her sitting-room.

Her organdie blouse was crumpled, there was a smudge of local soot on her cheek, and her lipstick was off, except for a faint red outline. There was a buzz at the open door off the foyer.

She called, "Come in."

Please turn to page 30



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It isn't fried eggs that make a pan look worse for wear...

It's harsh cleaning

But sprinkle a little VIM on your pot cleaner and...

VIM's added cleansing power will shift all that grease without scratching

Career Woman

Continued from page 29

A WAITER came in wheeling a table with a number of covered dishes, followed by Mr. Wrenn, who looked calamitously pale.

"You!" Leta said—a word that may convey a variety of emotions. In this case it was loaded with ferocity.

"Hello, Leta," he said, coughing hoarsely, sinking into a chair and watching with avidity while the waiter started to serve the dinner.

"I'm right in the midst of a crisis in my career," she said; "you have no right to annoy me this way. I never liked you in the first place."

"Yes, you did," he said firmly. "Why else would you have gone with me to dinner and four nightclubs after we met at that cocktail party? You got rather fractious at one of the places," he added reminiscently, "because I pointed out that, like most career women, you have no perspective on life."

"You're just as disagreeable as I remembered," she said. "Furthermore, you look terrible."

"I'd look better if I had some food," he said.

"Give Mr. Wrenn a chop," Leta said grudgingly to the waiter, "and some vegetables . . . I'm only feeding you because you look as if you were going to die," she added.

"A gracious hostess adds much to one's enjoyment of a meal," he assured her, attacking a chop.

The telephone beside Leta's couch rang. Mr. Wrenn handed her the receiver.

"Hello, Edith," Leta said buoyantly. "All set for Monday? . . . What? . . . But you can't . . . But you can't . . . But you can't! We'll sue you!" She banged down the receiver.

"Don't fly off the handle," he warned her.

"Do you know what she said to me?"

"Who?"

"Edith Mervale. Calling in her intermission to say she's going to Rolling Rock for the week-end and won't be back till just before the theatre Monday night. She dared to ask me if I would put off our opening until Tuesday! She'll be here Monday if I have to drag her by the hair of her head."

"I doubt if you could," he said, surveying her speculatively. "She's bigger than you are."

"Stop joking, John. This is serious. She's got to be at the opening. It's announced in all the papers. What shall I do? Think of something."

"She'd come if Maybrook were here, I bet."

"I'm not going to let that conceited hussy get her hooks into Charlie!" Leta said furiously.

"Don't be a dog in the manger, Leta," he said paternally. "You know you don't want him yourself."

"You're a great help!" she flared at him. "I'm in charge of this opening and I'll handle it my own way!"

"What theatre is she playing at?" he asked, reaching for the phone. Leta told him, and he called the theatre and had a conversation with Miss Mervale's press agent.

"She's driving to Rolling Rock after the show to-night," he told Leta, "but she'll see me in her dressing-room at eleven-thirty."

"That will be lovely for you," Leta said wourly, "but I don't see where it gets me."

"I had to ask for an interview in order to sneak you in to see her. You have about an hour to wash your face and get in a better humor, and you need every minute of it. I'll meet you in the lobby."

LETA bathed and dressed with the care and attention of a woman who plans to intimidate another woman. She appeared in the lobby looking fresh, rested, chic, and cross.

John seized her arm and hurried her to the theatre, which was on the corner opposite the hotel. He gave his name to the man at the stage door and led her across the darkened stage, through a tangle of scene-shifters and electricians, to the star's dressing-room.

"Let me do the talking," he advised her as the press agent came out to meet him. She gave him a baleful glance, swept past the press agent and into the dressing-room.

Edith Mervale welcomed Leta with all the warmth and glow of a death ray.

"Leta, darling," she said.

"Edie, dear," Leta said.

A walnut-colored French poodle rose from an easy-chair and snarled with what seemed to John refreshing sincerity. The two women kissed.

"He wants to interview you," Leta said, by way of introducing John, "but don't bother with it now, Edie. You look worn out. I can see you need a week-end in the country, but I should have thought——" She stopped abruptly and glared at John, who had kicked her ankle.

"What should you have thought, dear?" Miss Mervale inquired, sitting down at her brilliantly lighted dressing-table with her back to Leta, correcting her lipstick, and turning to smile graciously at John. "Rose," she said to the maid who was hanging up some dresses, "I think we'd all like a drink . . . Scotch all right for everyone?"

"Fine," John said. "Miss Mervale, I'm glad of this chance to——"

"I should have thought," Leta said, raising her voice above his hoarse croak, "that you'd be glad to get a little publicity from being featured at our opening. Particularly after your notices."

"You know," Miss Mervale said to John, tinkling the ice in the glass her maid handed her, "I was quite pleased with the notices. Of course, the critics were rather mean about the music and the book and the sets, but they were sweet to me. . . . What did you mean, Leta," she asked over her shoulder, "about my needing publicity?"

"I meant you need desirable publicity," Leta said. "Not the kind you'll get if you go back on your agreement with us."

"Charlie Maybrook asked to be remembered to you, Miss Mervale," John said hoarsely and desperately. "I talked to him to-day."

"Dear Charlie," Miss Mervale said tenderly, "we're close friends. I've been worried about him lately because he's been so upset about some sort of reorganisation." Her eyes flicked briefly in Leta's direction.

"You'll find out how much of a friend he is if you stand us up Monday!" Leta said hotly.

"She doesn't mean a word she says," John broke in hastily, as Edith turned angrily towards Leta. "She's been working so hard that she's slightly off her trolley."

"I tell you what, dear," Miss Mervale said, laying her hand on John's arm, "We aren't going to get anywhere with our interview under the circumstances. Why don't you run out to Rolling Rock to-morrow? It's a pretty little club with horses. Binkie said I could ask anyone I wanted."

RISING to leave, John said: "Splendid. I won't keep you any longer now."

"'Bye until to-morrow," Miss Mervale said, leaning toward the mirror to inspect her eyelashes.

"You'll hear from our lawyers," Leta said grimly, flouncing out the door.

"You certainly handled that diplomatically," Wrenn told her as he caught up with her half-way across the stage.

"You and your interviews!" she said furiously. "You're the most two-faced, double-crossing fifth columnist I ever saw. All you came for was to get a date with Mervale, which is so easy I wouldn't think you'd have to sell me down the river to arrange it. She'd go out with a baboon if he dressed well."

"We haven't time to argue about Mervale. We have to think about our next move." He grabbed her arm as she stepped into the street in front of a car.

She shrugged him off. "I hope you have a charming interview with her, and that I never see you again."

"Look here, Leta. It's nothing to me if you lose your job. I'd like you just as well if you were demoted to the stockroom. But I'm afraid it would upset your mother."

"She's years older than you, and a notorious gold-digger besides."

"Don't talk that way about your mother. She's a fine woman."

"I'm talking about Edith Mervale, you dope."

"Let's sit down for a minute," he said wearily as they entered the lobby, "and decide what to do. We've got to act fast."

"I've decided what to do. I'm going to bed."

"Would you at least lend me an aspirin?"

"Take the whole bottle." She pulled it out of her bag and thrust it at him. "I hope it does you a lot of good. It would be a crime if you missed your week-end at Rolling Rock." She disappeared in the direction of the elevators.

John dragged his aching bones to his room. He had to make several telephone calls to learn Maybrook's unlisted number, and when he finally reached him at home he had a difficult time persuading him that it would be wise to catch a morning plane to Pittsburgh. Flying in the morning, Maybrook said, upset his digestion.

Please turn to page 32

Barbara shares baby's gift of lovely skin . . .

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Barbara knows and has known from baby days that pure, mild Pears and clear water is the ideal way to find . . . and hold . . . loveliness. Her flawless complexion today is proof that a soap so kind to baby-thin skins brings a smooth gentleness to grown-up complexions. Use Pears yourself and let its silken lather bring out the full radiance of *your* complexion.

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. Latest clue sends them over the ocean, and through the dreaded Burning Waters in a speedboat protected by a metal shield. At last they break through the wall of fire, and find themselves headed for a small island. Betty, who had hidden on the boat, emerges, and dives overboard to get cool. She comes to the surface holding a large oyster, and throws it on to the deck. The oyster breaks open and from it rolls a perfect flame pearl. Barton forgets he can't swim, and jumps into the sea. NOW READ ON:

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★ *You Gotta Stay Happy*

A TEMPORARY fugitive from dramatic roles, Joan Fontaine takes a neat dive into comedy waters, accompanied by Jimmy Stewart and a trained chimpanzee.

Slickly turned out by Universal International, "You Gotta Stay Happy" (a feeble title, if ever there was one) will amuse audiences who are looking for laughs.

The lovely Miss Fontaine proves that she is quite at home and her efforts, combined with those of Stewart and the chimp, hold the thin story together.

Stewart certainly shows to better advantage than he has done for a long time.

Wealthy orphan Dee Dee (Joan Fontaine) discards her pompous bridegroom (Willard Parker) on their wedding day, and attaches herself to airline pilot owner Stewart and his pal (Eddie Albert).

The boys are unaware that their protegee could buy and sell their airline a few thousand times without disturbing her bank account.

Cargo on their plane for its transcontinental trip includes a trained chimpanzee, a honeymoon couple, an absconding bank teller, a coffin, and some live fish.

The film is at the State.

★ *That Lady In Ermine*

MORE than the efforts of stars such as Betty Grable and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., are required to make a success of the feeble plot of "That Lady in Ermine."

Out of every ten films which are built round a fantasy theme only one is worth while, a distinction which cannot be claimed by "That Lady."

Betty Grable plays a dual role. She is a countess in one of those mythical mid-European countries, and she is also her own great-great-grandmother, who comes to life in a dream sequence to help the countess plan to rout the invaders of her country.

Technicolor, songs, and lavish costumes are meant to help things along for Miss Grable, who looks her usual glamorous self.

Fairbanks as hero in fancy uniform has done this sort of thing dozens of times before, but I liked Cesar Romero's comedy as the tiresome husband of the countess.

This Fox film is at the Century.

★ *Pitfall*

MR. SUBURBIA who is bored with his routine existence and feels an urge to step out should take a look at what happens in the United Artists release, "Pitfall."

The moral of the story should send the would-be wanderer scurrying thankfully back to his daily round and common task.

Producer Samuel Bischoff stars Dick Powell, Lizabeth Scott, and Jane Wyatt in an adaptation of Jay Dratler's novel.

Seeking for variety in his dull life, John Forbes (Dick Powell) gets tied up with some crooked agents, a devastating blonde, and a murderous criminal.

Finally he bumps off the criminal and has a mighty hard time to keep out of gaol himself.

Surprisingly, the acting honors go to Lizabeth Scott, as the blonde cause of all the trouble encountered by insurance agent Powell. I found Powell expressionless, except on rare occasions.

A better script would have helped matters. Jane Wyatt as Powell's wife and young Jimmy Hunt as his son have the best lines.

The film is at the Plaza.

★ ★ The best shillingsworth on the bookstalls . . . Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. ★ ★

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Ford Pills made me a new woman. It's great to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

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THANK YOU DOCTOR

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THANK YOU DOCTOR

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In plastic tubes, 2/6 Everywhere

FORD PILLS

English actor coming here

Trip for Stan Holloway

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Stanley Holloway will arrive in Australia early in April, to star in a series of his own radio programmes and concerts.

To do this, Stanley has to take a spell from British films, though he is so much in demand these days for character parts that producer Sir Michael Balcon hopes he will take a role with Ealing's Australian unit when his tour ends.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY, English comedian, who is preparing for a personal appearance tour of Australia early this year. He also will be seen in several British films listed for release by J. Arthur Rank Organisation.

"I HAD to cancel a couple of plays to go to Australia and New Zealand, but I've been longing to make the trip for years, and I suddenly decided to go now," he told me. He expects to be away six months.

"Incidentally, Marriott Edgar, who wrote 'Albert and the Lion' for me, has written a series of songs called 'Barnstormer Ballads,' which I'll sing in Australia.

"What's that? Can I sing?

"My dear chap, I was the pride of the village choir, and I went to Milan to study. Just listen to this . . . Mi-mi-mimi-mi-mi——"

Stanley's lofty sense of the ridiculous and his versatility in film roles have won him a big new public.

Film successes include: His gravedigger in "Hamlet"; the Cockney cameraman in "Snowbound"; delightful ticket collector in "Brief Encounter"; then the tramp, who is mistaken for a famous opera star, in his recent film, "One Night With You."

In this last role Holloway doesn't speak a word.

More recently he has been busy as a police inspector in the thriller-film, "Noose," and now he is wearing the garb of a valet with delicious dignity round the lot at Denham for the Two Cities film, "The Perfect Woman."

Reports from the studio suggest that this role is likely to put him in as much demand for film valet parts as Hollywood's Arthur Treacher, but Stanley Holloway will never be cast to type.

He is too good at too many things.

Before the success of his Sam Ramsbottom monologues, and the steady demand for him to feature in films, Stanley Holloway was a top-line variety artist.

"I had my passage booked to Australia for September 23, 1939, and I was to appear twice daily in shows for the late Frank Neil in Melbourne," he said. "Then war broke out.

"A while ago I tuned-in to a powerful radio station from Australia and heard that Don Bradman and his team had left England for home on September 23.

"That settled it, as I remembered 1939 and my own cancelled trip.

"My only regret is that I will arrive too late to see Australians playing cricket in their own country.

"Cricket is my greatest interest. I've watched Australian teams come here and have followed them all over the country. Chips Rafferty and Teddie Styles tell me I mustn't miss a game of Australian Rules football.

"So I have a date to see one from the grandstand in Melbourne."

A London impresario who knows Holloway well told me that if he had to draw up a list of famous people for a dinner party he would put Stan's name down first, and wouldn't have to worry about the rest.

ROYAL FILM THEATRE

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

THERE is to be a complete private basement cinema ready for Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh when they move into their home at Clarence House in St. James Place. It has a projection room for sound and silent films, comfortable armchair seats, and the latest type of screen giving extra clear definition. The stage curtains and other equipment are of a kind found only in the luxury cinemas of the West End. The outfit was British filmdom's wedding gift to Their Royal Highnesses.

* * *

JACK BUCHANAN will bring his bride, formerly Mrs. Susan Bassett, of U.S.A., back to his luxurious penthouse in exclusive Park Lane, overlooking Hyde Park. Buchanan is now a wealthy man. He invested his earnings astutely as a gay bachelor in prewar films, and has widespread interests in the film and theatre business in England.

* * *

MICHELE MORGAN plans a return to make another British film, this time with a French-Canadian setting. The men in her film life this time will probably be Australian John McCallum, Irishman Kieron Moore, and French-Canadian Paul Dupuis.

* * *

MICHAEL WILDING has just spent several days drawing a wedding dress on the wall of a prison cell, and doing it very well. It's for a new romantic comedy with Anna Neagle, "Maytime in Mayfair." Michael is an expert with sketches, because he was once a commercial artist with nothing but figures in his head.

* * *

ORSON WELLES remains a law unto himself. Until the moment he arrived at Sound City Studios this week, producers were kept in anguished ignorance of his plans. Directors and co-stars had no idea how he was coming to England. Monday morning he turned up unheralded from Paris, and within an hour he was in the thick of his racketeer part for "The Third Man." Orson is allowing himself only eight days to finish this role before he disappears again.

* * *

ROBERT DONAT is hunting for a "lean and lively boy," preferably from Lancashire and without any experience in films, for a big part in his new film, "The Cure For Love." He is inviting parents to send snapshots and vital statistics. "I want to bring him fresh to the studios without any preconceived ideas," says Robert.

* * *

IN Vienna a Russian soldier in an unpredictable mood pounced on a man in British uniform, marched him off and let him cool his heels for an hour before freeing him without apology.

The man was film star Trevor Howard dressed as a soldier for location shots of "The Third Man."

Career Woman

Continued from page 30

JOHN grasped the phone more tightly. "That's not all you're in for, I'm afraid," he warned Maybrook. "You have a long motor ride after you get here. I'm sorry to put you through it, but the girls are at the hair-pulling stage."

Maybrook said, "For Pete's sake, meet me at the airport."

John spent the next half-hour arranging to hire a car. Then he crawled weakly into bed without taking any aspirin. He got the top off the bottle all right, but he couldn't get the cotton out.

He arrived back at his hotel at seven-thirty on Sunday night. He was accompanied by Edith Mervale, Charlie Maybrook, a brunette dancer named Dolores Del Riva, a man called Binkie, and the French poodle. All of them except John were in rollicking spirits. His knees had a tendency to bend both ways and there was a noise like a vacuum cleaner in his head.

Since noon he had driven what seemed like a thousand miles, met countless fuzzy-faced people, tried a variety of drinks to numb his pain, and moodily refused food. He was thinking, no girl in the world is worth what I've been through, when he saw Leta enter the lobby. She looked as if she had been dug out of a landslide. Her blouse was crumpled, there was a smudge on her cheek, and her lipstick was off, except for a thin red outline.

"Hello, darling," he said, experiencing a pleasant sensation for the first time that day. "Everything's okay. You can relax."

Leta surveyed him and his fashionably dressed companions with the stony hatred of a woman who is not looking her best.

"Why, hello, Leta," Maybrook said warmly. "Working all day while we've been having fun? You shouldn't work so hard," he added lamely, sensing that somehow he had struck the wrong note.

"Why don't you take a good holiday, Leta?" Miss Mervale chimed in, waving her arm and a few yards of sable a trifle vaguely. "Why don't you go around the world on a tramp steamer?"

"Now, Edie," Maybrook said nervously.

"All in fun," she said amiably. "I'm not cross at Leta any more. I'm not cross at anybody . . . Come on, Leta, we'll have all a nightcap to show there's no hard feeling."

"Not my poor Johnny," Miss Del Riva said, affectionately placing her arm around John's neck. "He's seek. I'm going to feex a poultice for his chest like my mamma feexed for little Jose that died when he was twelve! So yong! How he coughed, jus' like Johnny. Nevar min', I feex. A little turpentine, a little—what you call it—kresote——"

"Make it good and hot," Leta suggested, turning on her heel. But she turned back sharply at the sound of a dull thud. It was caused by John, who had keeled over on the floor.

. . . . . .

John came to, a few days later, in a hospital bed. Leta was dozing in an armchair beside it. He vaguely remembered having seen this agreeable mirage several times lately. She opened her eyes as he was admiring it.

"You've had pneumonia, but you're getting better," she told him. "Don't try to talk."

"When you're asleep, you look as if you have a nice disposition," he remarked. "How about the opening? Did Mervale do her stuff? . . . Now don't go away," he added weakly as she rose.

"I'm not going away. Drink this and stop talking." She handed him a glass with a tube in it.

When he woke up the next time, she was talking on the telephone. "You're sweet to call, Edie," she was saying . . . "Yes, he's much better . . . No, he can't have visitors . . . Yes, he loved your flowers. I'll give him your message."

"I don't see any flowers," he said.

"You're allergic to flowers. I sent them to the children's ward."

"What was her message?"

"Just her usual line of guff."

The telephone rang again. "Hello, Dolores," Leta said. "He loved the basket of fruit . . . No, he can't have visitors. Thanks for calling."

"Am I allergic to fruit?" he inquired.

"It's not on your diet list, so I sent it to the children's ward. Go back to sleep."

The next time the phone rang Leta wasn't in the room. John answered it. It was Mrs. Church. "Hello, John, I'm so glad you're better," she said, "and I'm perfectly delighted about you and Leta. You're just the man I would have picked for her."

"Hunh?"

"Charlie Maybrook says the success of the new store is all due to you. The opening went like clockwork, even without Leta. She was so worried about you that she never left your side. Imagine, Leta, who's usually so wrapped up in herself."

The subject of these remarks appeared in the door holding a vase of roses in one hand and a bowl of grapes in the other. She hastily put down the fruit and made a dive for the phone.

"Lay off. I'm talking to your mother," John said, warding her off with one elbow. "Maybrook must have been pretty wild when Leta didn't come to the opening," he said to Mrs. Church.

"He understood. Of course, he feels she more or less jilted him, but he agrees with me that it's all for the best. He asked me to tell you that he's very happy for you both."

"Please thank him for his congratulations," John said, observing Leta's flushed face with satisfaction.

"You and Leta might decide whether you'd rather be married here or out at her brother's farm, so I can get started on the arrangements," Mrs. Church continued. "Now you shouldn't talk any more, so I'll hang up."

"I think we'd like a country wedding," John said, "but I'll call you to-morrow." He replaced the receiver. "What's all this?" he demanded sternly.

Leta subsided in a chair, still holding the vase. "I had to tell Charlie that you and I were engaged," she said from behind the roses. "It was the only way I could get leave of absence to look after you. But it doesn't mean a thing, and in a week or two we'll say we changed our minds."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," he said testily. "You got yourself into this, and I'm not going to get you out of it. Besides, it will be a new angle for my story. Put down those flowers and come here." He reached for her hand. "By the way, why am I allowed to have flowers and fruit all of a sudden?"

"Because they're from me," Leta said. (Copyright)

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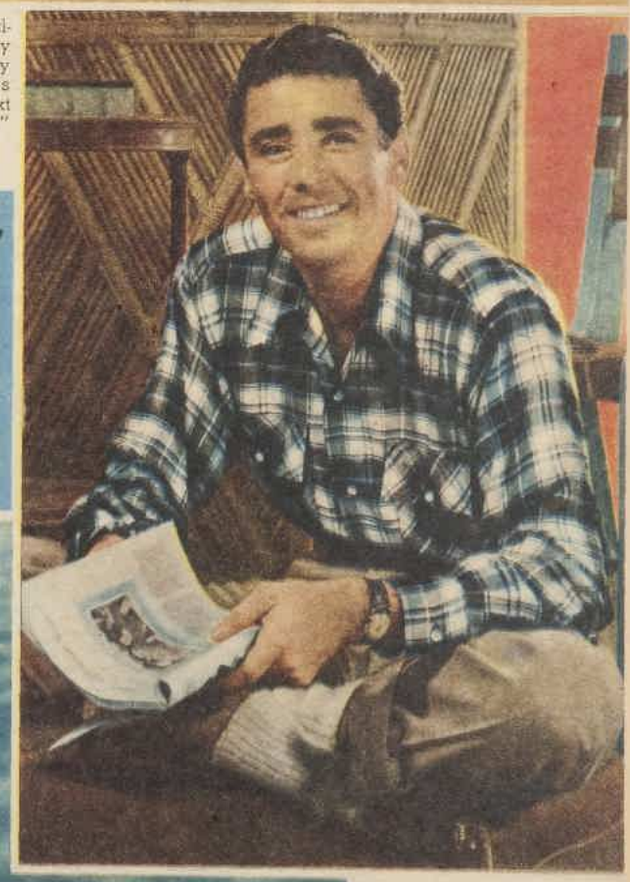
DANE CLARK (Warners) completes an oil portrait of Alexis Smith, with whom he is co-starring in "Whiplash." Before he became a film star Dane was an artist in New York.

DEANNA DURBIN (Universal-International) wears a gay yachting outfit for a holiday with friends. She wears period costume in her next film, "Up in Central Park."

Film stars' leisure hours

☆



PETER LAWFORD (M.G.M.) likes gaily checked shirts for his leisure hours at home. His next film is "Easter Parade," which stars Fred Astaire and Judy Garland.

☆

ANN TODD relaxes for some sun-tanning while she is on location in France during the making of the J. Arthur Rank film "The Passionate Friends."

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1 SUSPICIOUS that her husband, Vincent (Fred MacMurray), is interested in a certain client called Frazer, Paula Doane (Madeleine Carroll) enlists the aid of sister-in-law Eve (Rita Johnson).

2 FLIRTATION with hired actor to make Vincent jealous goes astray when waiter places wealthy Claude Kimball (Buddy Rogers) at her table by mistake.

Madeleine Carroll in comedy

ONE of the ever-popular romantic comedies of a wife who tries to make her husband jealous, "Don't Trust Your Husband" is a screen play written by Lou Breslow and Joseph Hoffman under the original title of "An Innocent Affair."

Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll co-star in the United Artists release, and Mary Pickford's husband, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, makes his first film appearance for several years in a featured role.

3 SURPRISED at discovery, Paula agrees to dine with Claude next night, hoping that Vincent will see them together.

4 AFRAID that Paula will dislike his appearance with Mrs. Frazer (Louise Allbritton), Vincent tries to hide.

"Durability" is a big word - but not too big for

Joshua Hoyle

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5 NEW QUARREL starts next day, when both Paula and Vincent accuse each other of deception. Efforts of Eve to pacify couple only make matters worse, and Paula decides to get a divorce.

6 ABOARD TRAIN which is taking Paula to Reno, Mrs. Frazer insists on clearing situation with help of Eve and Claude and reuniting jealous pair, who admit mistake.

Ah! we're in the

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CROSSWORD CONTEST NO. 27

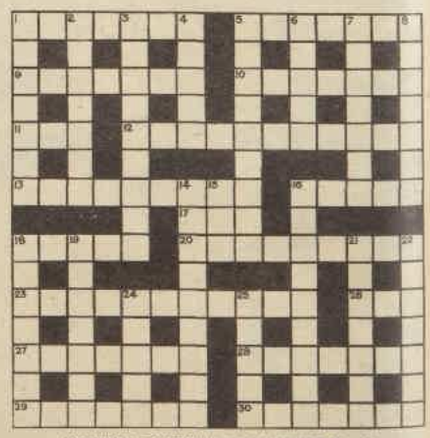
ACROSS

1. Spa dome (anagram) (7).
5. Beast cast into its own building (7).
9. It's reasonable for one of the Allied troops to be in the "local" (7).
10. Is able to be turned back to follow the Crimean battle of the year 1854 in detail? (7).
11. Procure a fabulous bird, but look for it in clean surroundings (3).
12. The prominent do not get so by sitting at home (11).
13. "If the cap fits, wear it," is what they might like to say! (9).
16. Dickens character who would naturally finish in "smoke" (5).
17. The little one may be white but will become bare faced when bigger (3).
18. Twig (5).
20. Perhaps he's the stranger in the threesome, but his society is friendly nevertheless (9).
23. The secret message in the vault that led Jason's ship back to Philemon, but fruitlessly (11).
26. It is oft written thus in poems (3).
27. It's unlawful to be sick with me back with a muscular twitch (7).
28. How to make us favor Mussolini (7).
29. Yes, nags clutter together in sportiveness (7).
30. Reservoir a seabird is always found inside (7).

DOWN

1. Stern is down at the bottom. Edge is up at the top. Fathers in the ship going to America (7).
2. Three wise men from the East called unguided. How enchanting! (7).
3. A fish turned up to phone for medical treatment! (9).
4. Schism (5).
5. It's in Charles Edward when completely beaten (9).
6. Person who won M.A.? (So disturbing, my dear!) (5).
7. Metal was put in suspense before shooting and fishing? (7).
8. Dog cane (anagram) (7).
14. To turn back to look inside is to yearn at all draws out (9).
15. It's clear as dirt that tea is not on, quite upsetting in fact (3).
16. Stop the aspiration by the ego. In high living home on the range quite the reverse may be found! (9).
18. Plundering coarse cloth (7).
19. What an author may get from the last part of 18 down? (7).
21. Let us produce the sound vegetable (7).
22. "Cowboy Kate" you and I find grim (7).
24. Cheat shuffled into a spot (5).
25. Snake jelly? (5).

£10, £5, and £3 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 27 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close Feb. 15, prizes and solution in issue of March 5.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 23

ACROSS.—1—P/a-ti/ence. 5—Off-ice. 10—Agree. 11—Inter-lace. 12—Lantern-jawed. 15—Teething. 17—Rifle. 19—Tulip (anag.) 21—Parallel (hidden). 24—Bee-tleb-rowed. 28—Harbin-ger. 29—No/r/se. 30—Nut-meg. 31—Hymnists.

DOWN.—1—P/ear/ly. 2—Ta-ran-tell-a. 3—Ever-est (anag. rest) 4—C-alf-n. 6—F/orb/ear. 7—Im-am. 8—Ewes. 9—St-ranger. 13—After-wards. 14—Bet. 16—Im-pet-i-go. 18—Ate. 20—Precise (anag). 22—Lorgnon. 23—Adders. 25—Earl-y. 26—Shin. 27—Trol.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 23: £10 to J. Smyth, 12 Francis St., East Sydney; £5 to Miss M. Godwin, 104 Carr St., West Perth, W.A.; £3 to C. L. Martin, Langton St., Banyo, N24, Brisbane.

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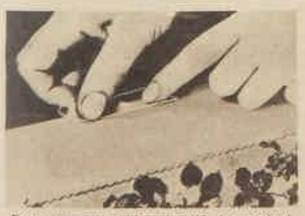

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18 In Tins Everywhere 1/9

The *LEADING* Children's laxative . . has no taste but delicious chocolate

L48/6

Friday's Child

Continued from page 15

BEING blessed with the friendliest of natures, Miss Wantage accepted Mr. Ringwood with perfect complaisance. Upon being told that Gil would take care of her while his lordship was otherwise engaged, she smiled confidingly at him.

"Oh, yes! Thank you!" she said. "How kind it is in you! Will you take me to buy a hat for the wedding, please? Sherry made me buy this one I have on, because he told everyone I was going to school in Bath, but I will not wear it for my wedding!"

"Well, you need not," replied Sherry. "But mind, Kitten, you are not to choose what Gil don't like!"

"Oh, no, indeed I won't!"

Mr. Ringwood, no lady's man, was understood to say that really—no really!—he knew nothing about such matters, but the Viscount summarily disposed of this objection and returned to the vexed question of abigails.

Miss Wantage seemed surprised but gratified to learn that she was to have an abigail, but since she had no notion how to set about acquiring one she was unable to help his lordship.

Mr. Ringwood then had the brilliant idea of laying the matter before his valet Chilham, an extraordinary fellow, he declared, who knew everything. This found instant favor with Sherry.

The party then broke up, Sherry going off to pick up Lord Wrotham and Mr. Ringwood sallying forth with Miss Wantage in the direction of Bond Street.

Any idea he might have cherished of being able within an hour or two to relinquish his charge into her betrothed's keeping was put an end to by the discovery, when they repaired to the Viscount's lodging shortly after noon, that his lordship proposed to meet his Hero only at the church door.

He had left a hastily scribbled note for Mr. Ringwood, informing him that everything was in a way to being fixed right and tight; and that he relied upon his friend to bring the bride to St. George's, Hanover Square, at half-past two.

Mr. Ringwood, who was by this time on very friendly terms with the most unexacting young lady he had so far encountered, communicated the contents of the note to her, and said: "Well, what would you care to do now, I wonder?"

"I could wait here," offered Miss Wantage, in a tone which indicated that she would consider such a course pretty flat.

"No, that won't do," Mr. Ringwood said, frowning. "I think I had best take you to eat a little nuncheon. After that——" He paused, eyeing her speculatively. Miss Wantage returned his gaze with one of pleasurable expectation.

"I know what you'd like!" he said. "You'd like to see the wild beasts at the Royal Exchange!"

Nothing could have appealed more strongly to Miss Wantage's youthful taste, so as soon as she had changed her chip-straw hat for an Angouleme bonnet of white thread-net trimmed with lace, she sallied forth once more with Mr. Ringwood, tripping beside him with all the assurance of one who knows herself to be dressed in the pink of fashion.

They were a trifle late in arriving at the church, owing to Mr. Ringwood's having made an unfortunate reference during the course of the afternoon to the Pantheon Bazaar.

Miss Wantage had immediately demanded to be taken to this mart, and had enjoyed herself hugely there, dragging Mr. Ringwood from shop to shop and alarming him very much by developing a sudden desire to become the possessor of a canary in a gilded cage which happened to catch her eye.

Mr. Ringwood was as wax in her hands, but he had a very fair notion of what his friend's feelings would be on being met at the church door by a bride carrying a bird in a cage, and he said desperately that Sherry wouldn't like it.

He had very little hope of being attended to, but to his surprise he found that these simple words acted like a talisman on his volatile companion.

So although the hackney which conveyed them from the Bazaar to Hanover Square might be rather full of packages and bandboxes, at least it contained no livestock, a circumstance upon which Mr. Ringwood considered he had reason to congratulate himself.

Not only Sherry was awaiting them in the church porch, but the Honorable Ferdy Fakenham as well. It was Ferdy who had brought a nosegay for the bride, and he presented it with an elegant bow. Both gentlemen were very nattily attired in blue coats, pale pantaloons, gleaming Hessians, uncomfortably high shirt-collars, and exquisitely arranged cravats.

"That's a very fetching bonnet, Kitten," the Viscount said, studying it. "But you're deuced late. You had best pay off the hack, Gil. No saying how long we shall be here."

"No, Sherry. Keep the hack!" said Mr. Ringwood firmly.

"Why? If we want a hack, we can call up another, can't we?"

"The thing is, Sherry, there are one or two packages in it," explained Mr. Ringwood, a little guiltily.

The Viscount stared at him, and then took a look inside the vehicle. "One or two packages!" he exclaimed. "What the deuce possessed you to bring a lot of bandboxes to a wedding?"

"Oh, Sherry, they are things I bought at the Pantheon Bazaar!" said Miss Wantage. "And we had no time to take them to your lodging, and I am very sorry if you do not like it, but I didn't buy the canary which I wanted!"

The Viscount gasped, realising his narrow escape.

"Told her you wouldn't like a canary," explained Mr. Ringwood, with a deprecatory cough.

"I should think you might well!" replied his lordship. "Now let's stop dawdling and go in and get the business settled."

The business was, in fact, soon settled, without any other hitch than the discovery by the bridegroom, midway through the ceremony, that he had forgotten to purchase a ring. He rolled a frantically inquiring eye upon his cousin Ferdy, then tugged off his own signet ring and handed it over to the waiting cleric.

It was much too large for Hero's finger, but the glowing look she cast up at him seemed to indicate that she did not in the least resent his lack of foresight.

Once outside the church again, the Viscount handed his wife into the hackney and turned to consult his friends on the best way in which to spend the evening.

Mr. Ringwood stared at him very hard, and even Ferdy, who was not much given to the processes of reasoned thought, goggled a little at a suggestion that they should all forgather for an early dinner, pay a visit to the theatre, and wind up an eventful day by partaking of a snug little supper at the Piazza.

"But Sherry, dear boy! Lady Sheringham—wedding night—won't want a party!" stammered Ferdy.

"Fudge! What should we do, pray? Can't spend the whole evening looking at one another!" said the Viscount. "Kitten, you'd like to go to the play with us, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, do let us!" cried Hero.

"I knew you would. And you would like Gil and Ferdy to go along with us too, I dare say?"

"Yes," agreed Hero, smiling warmly upon these gentlemen.

"Then that's settled," said the Viscount, getting into the hackney. "Fenton's Hotel, coachman! Don't be late, Gil!"

The vehicle drove off, leaving the Honorable Ferdy and Mr. Ringwood to look fixedly at each other.

"Know what I think, Gil?" Ferdy asked portentously.

"No," replied Mr. Ringwood. "Hanged if I know what I think!"

"Just what I was going to say!" said Ferdy. "Hanged if I know what I think!"

To be continued

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V4-1

THE COLLAR and jabot look charming worn with a plain, dark dress, as shown at left. Complete directions are given below. Make it to wear this autumn.

Chic jabot and collar

● Easy to make, lovely to look at in rows and rows of dainty crochet.

A CROCHETED jabot, crisp and frothy, is a useful accessory for wearing with frocks or suits in any season.

Simple instructions for making this one are given below:

COLLAR AND JABOT

Materials: Coats' Mercer-Crochet No. 40 2 balls (20 gram) selected color; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 4 (slack workers could use a No. 4½ hook and tight workers a No. 3½); 1 pearl button.

Tension: 5 rows 1in. (2.5 cm.) approx.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sp., space; s.s., slip-stitch; st., stitch.

BAND

Commence with 15 ch. (to measure 1in., 2.5 cm.).

1st Row: 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each ch. across, 4 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr. (1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr.) 4 times, 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: * 1 tr. into sp., 1 tr. into next tr., repeat from * across, ending with 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

Repeat last 2 rows until band measures 6in. (15.5 cm.), ending with 3rd row.

Do not fasten off, but work a row of d.c. along one long side, the bottom, and remaining long side, making 3 d.c. in each sp., and 2 d.c. under each tr. (or turning ch.) on a tr. row.

Right side of d.c. is right side of jabot, 1 ch., turn.

RUFFLE

Work 2 layers of ruffle over the d.c. on these 3 sides as follows:

Top Layer: Pick up the back loop of each d.c.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into first d.c., * 10 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; repeat from * across the 3 sides. Number of loops should be a multiple of 4 plus one, 15 ch., turn.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. into next loop, 10 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 d.c. into last loop, 15 ch., turn.

3rd Row: * Into next loop make 1 d.c. 5 ch. and 1 d.c. (10 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 10 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 d.c. 5 ch. and 1 d.c. into last loop, 10 ch., turn.

4th Row: * Into 5 ch. loop, make (2 tr. 3 ch. 1 d.c. into last tr. made 1 tr. 3 ch.) twice, 1 d.c. into next loop, (10 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 3 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 d.c. into last loop, 15 ch., turn.

5th Row: * 1 d.c. into 3 ch. sp between tr. groups (10 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop) 3 times, 10 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 10 ch., 1 d.c. into last 3 ch. sp. between tr. groups, 15 ch., turn.

6th Row: * 1 d.c. into next loop, 10 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 d.c. into last loop, 15 ch., turn.

Repeat 3rd to 6th rows inclusive once more.

Now repeat 3rd and 4th rows once more, omitting turning ch. on last row. Break off thread.

Lower Layer.—1st Row: With wrong side of d.c.'s facing, attach thread to free loop of first d.c., and, picking up the free loops of d.c., work 10 ch. loops across as for top layer, 15 ch., turn.

Work 12 rows more of loops. Now repeat 3rd and 4th rows of top layer. Break off thread.

COLLAR

(Worked in 2 separate halves)

First Half.—Commence at neck edge with 92 ch. (to measure 7in., 18 cm.).

1st Row: 2 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, * 1 tr. into next 10 ch., 2 tr. into next ch.; repeat from * across, 4 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr., * (miss next tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch.) 3 times, 1 tr. into next tr. (1 sp. increased), 1 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: * 1 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next tr.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

4th Row: Miss first 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., * 1 ch., miss next tr., 1 tr. into next tr.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

Repeat last 2 rows twice more. Now repeat 3rd row once more, omitting turning ch.

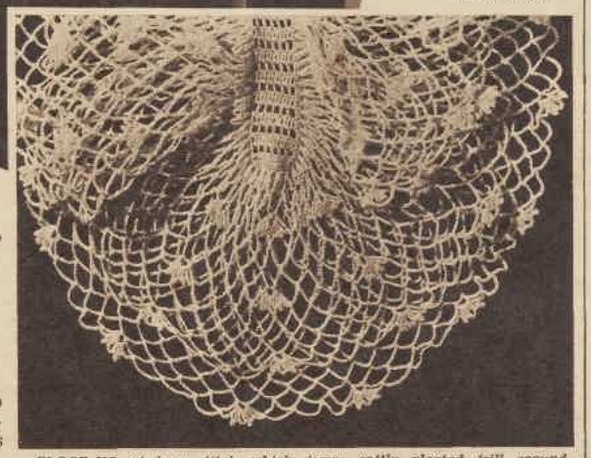
10th Row: Miss first tr., 1 s.s. into each of next 2 tr. (2 tr. decreased), 4 ch., * miss 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch.; repeat from * across, ending with 1 tr. into 3rd st. from end of row (2 more tr. decreased), turn.

11th Row: 1 s.s. into next ch., 1 s.s. into tr. (sp. decreased), 3 ch., * 1 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next tr.; repeat from * across to within 2 sps., 1 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next tr. (another sp. decreased), turn.

Repeat last 2 rows once more. Break off thread. Work a row of d.c. along outer edges of collar. Make second half of collar the same.

TO MAKE UP

Sew collar to upper free ends of frills. Make an 8 ch. loop at back of neck for buttonhole. Sew button in position.



CLOSE-UP of lacy stitch which forms softly pleated frill around jabot. The middle section is worked similarly to the collar.

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—an electric washing machine you can afford and it's so quick . . . so gentle . . . so thorough!

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For the average cottage or flat this new Hoover Electric Washing Machine will prove a wonderful boon. See how compact it is! It fits under the draining board of your sink, in the corner of your bathroom, or out of the way in the laundry. And you'll be amazed how quickly it gets through your wash. Average time for cottons is four minutes, and for woollens and light articles, one minute is enough.

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POTTER'S DANDRUFF SOAP

Brighten your skin

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

● Beauty forecasts suggest that the fair complexion will remain a fashionable favorite well into the year, ousting heavy suntan.

WITH the summer season far advanced, this is the time to embark upon treatments for brightening the skin on which outdoor life has left its mark.

Use ready-made face-packs or make a concoction of your own.

Here are some specific suggestions:

Favorites among facial packs are the meal masks . . . oatmeal, almond meal, or bran . . . all grand for cleansing and toning.

Use good quality witchhazel or rosewater to mix with the powdered meal, or add a few drops of your favorite toilet water to the paste before spreading it on.

Here is a variation of the treatment for either dry or greasy skin:

Have ready a mixture of equal parts of oatmeal and almond meal, mix it into a paste by gradually adding milk, and then pour in a few drops of lemon juice.

Where the complexion is extra dry and sensitive, substitute oil for the lemon juice.

Again, many a woman pins her faith to the pack made with almond meal and the white of an egg by adding sufficient meal to the egg-white to make a very thick paste. The mixture remains on the skin for five to eight minutes, is removed with tepid water, and for the finishing touch the entire surface is patted over briskly with witchhazel.

Then there is that old-timer, honey, and who could think that such a sweet substance would be astringent in action? But it does make a good toning mask for anyone whose skin shows signs of flabbiness, lining, or just plain weathering. Relax the pores for a moment before application with a hot towel, then paint on the honey (with a clean brush if available), leaving it to "pull" for about 15 minutes.

Use plenty of warm water to remove.

To counteract sallowness or patchy brown there is the magnesia or lemon magnesia face-pack. This can be bought in a handy container or prepared at home.

In the latter event, buy some milk of magnesia and a lemon. Mix a tablespoonful of the magnesia in a saucer with a teaspoonful of the juice, then apply it evenly and quite thickly over the skin surface.

In the next twenty minutes a tightening and drawing effect will be felt. Warm water will remove the mixture without difficulty. Pat a very little cream into the skin immediately afterwards.

This mask has a rather bleaching action, so when you use it make sure that every part of the face, neck, and throat is covered—the hands and arms, too, if they need smoothing and clearing.

For a naturally oily skin, where the oil glands are over-developed, a lemon and fuller's-earth pack is worth a trial. Clear lemon juice is added to the powder to form a stiffish paste, which is then thinned out to "flowing" consistency by the addition of a mixture of witchhazel and rosewater. Leave on for about half an hour, then remove.

A last-thing-at-night beauty pack that is soothing for a dried skin is made with cucumber juice, olive oil, and oatmeal like this:

Having extracted the cucumber juice by putting the cucumber through a mincer or using an orange squeezer, add olive oil in the proportion of a teaspoonful to each tablespoonful of the juice, and put in enough oatmeal to make a paste that stays put on the face.

This mask can be left on all night, though I think it is best applied about an hour before retiring, and the greater part removed with tissues or dabbed over with gauze before putting head to pillow.

Toning masks for tired skins

In the blemish department a boracic mask is worth more than passing thought. A moderate amount of sun on the skin is generally beneficial, but some complexions act up unexpectedly, and stimulated circulation helps throw off waste at a brisker rate. For this treatment you need an ounce of boracic acid powder, some astringent-type cream, and boiling water. Use the water for mixing up to a paste the powder and three teaspoonfuls of the cream.

Relax skin pores by either steaming over a basin for a few minutes or pressing with a washer wrung out in very hot water; then quickly dab the paste all over until the skin is entirely, but not heavily, covered.

About an hour is required for the full treatment; if carried out immediately before bed, remove all but a thin film of paste which will not be at all gooey.

If you find that the summer has dried out body skin, too, start reconditioning with lavish use of baby oil. Pat it all over the skin every night for a week, wrap yourself up in towelling, and soak for about an hour . . . then bathe.

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they're soaked right to the very heart with rich tomato sauce.
Tender pork gives added flavour . . . or perhaps
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Serve them on their own, as a "second" vegetable, or any way you fancy.

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ONIONS STUFFED WITH BAKED BEANS
(Serves 6)

6 Large White Onions. 1 16-oz. tin Heinz Baked Beans. 1 tbs. Mustard. 1 tbs. Heinz '57' Sauce. ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Sauce. Bacon.

Remove outer skins from onions and drop them into boiling salted water. Boil for 10 minutes. Remove from water and cool. Scoop out centres, leaving ¼ inch walls. Chop scooped-out onion. Combine one-half chopped onion with Baked Beans, mustard, '57' Sauce and Tomato Sauce. Fill onions with bean mixture. Garnish top of each onion with a piece of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.

BAKED BEANS WITH FRIED ONIONS AND GRILLED FRANKFURTS
(Serves 6)

Onion Rings. ¼ cup Prepared Mustard. 1 cup Milk. 1 16-oz. tin Heinz Baked Beans. Frankfurts.

Soak onion rings in prepared mustard mixed with milk, for 1 hour. Remove and dip in flour. Fry in deep fat until well browned. Serve with piping hot Heinz Baked Beans and frankfurts split in half and grilled.

BEAN CASSEROLE
(Serves 6)

2 16-oz. tins Heinz Baked Beans. 1 cup Pineapple Chunks. 12 Partially Cooked Small Sausages.

Use a large casserole and combine the Baked Beans with the pineapple chunks. Top with the sausages and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

OPEN FACE BEAN CLUB SANDWICH
(8 sandwiches)

1 16-oz. tin Heinz Baked Beans. ⅓ cup chopped Green Onions. 2 teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce. 8 strips Bacon. Lettuce Leaves.

Heat Baked Beans. Add chopped onions and Worcestershire Sauce. Mix well. Cut bacon strips in half. Fry until crisp. Arrange lettuce leaves and bacon on one slice of toast. On second slice spread heated bean mixture. Garnish with pickles.

BAKED BEANS WITH BACON
(Serves 6)

2 16-oz. tins Heinz Baked Beans. Bacon Rashers. Chopped Parsley.

Fill a large pot or casserole with Baked Beans. Top with strips of bacon. Bake in a moderately hot oven for 1 hour—until the beans are bubbling gently and the bacon is crisp and succulent. Sprinkle the beans with chopped parsley before serving.

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GRILLS

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● A sizzling grill—perfectly cooked and full of flavor—is a favorite, especially with men.

GRILLING to perfection is an art that is easily acquired if a few simple rules are observed.

The perfect grill is moist, juicy, and full of flavor.

Overcooking is fatal—meat exposed overlong to the fierce heat of a griller becomes dry and without flavor.

Make sure the grilling-bars are red hot before placing meat under.

Cook 2 or 3 minutes on either side to sear and seal surface and imprison natural juices, then reduce heat and cook steadily for required time.

Frequent turning is necessary to ensure even cooking.

Time will depend entirely on thickness of meat, heat of griller, and individual taste.

Removing skin from chops will prevent them curling up during cooking, but skin may be left on if desired, and sharpened cocktail sticks used to hold chops in shape.

This was done with the Manhattan lamb grill illustrated on this page. In this case the cocktail sticks served a dual purpose—they held the stuffing in place and helped to preserve the shape as well.

Remember to remove the cocktail sticks before serving.

Grilling has been regarded as an expensive method of cooking because, as a rule, the more costly cuts of meat are used.

However, there are cheaper cuts—best neck chops (lamb), under-cut of blade steak, minced round steak (shaped into hamburger patties), and sausages—which give quite good results if care is exercised.

Note: All spoon measurements in these recipes refer to level spoons.

GRILLED CHICKEN

(For special occasions only—1 small chicken gives 2 servings.)

One very small chicken, 1½ to 2lb. in weight, small quantity melted butter, bacon fat or oil, salt and pepper.

Split chicken in two down back, rinse in cold water, dry thoroughly. Brush with melted butter or bacon fat or oil. Place skin-side down under red-hot griller, cook 3 or 4 minutes, then reduce heat. Turn and continue turning every three or four minutes until chicken has been grilling 20 to 30 minutes. Each time of turning, brush again with fat. Serve hot with bacon rolls, grilled tomato halves, parsley butter, and potato straws.

GRILLED HAMBURGERS

(An economy type steak grill.)

One pound round steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce or chutney, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, small quantity flour, salt and pepper.

Trim steak, put twice through mincer. Place in saucepan, stir over low heat until meat changes color. Add all other ingredients except flour, mix well. Shape into flat cakes, using a little flour to handle. Place under red-hot griller, cook 2 minutes on either side, reduce heat slightly, cook 10 to 12 minutes. Serve piping hot.

THE APPETISING DINNER illustrated here is composed of a fruit cocktail, followed by Manhattan lamb grill and apple puff sweet.

CRUSTED MASHED POTATO

(Delicious with any grilled or crumbed food.)

Three cups thoroughly mashed potato, 3 tablespoons grated cheese (or less according to taste), 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk, extra salt and pepper if necessary.

Beat cheese and butter or margarine into hot mashed potato. Season with salt and pepper if necessary, add beaten egg-yolk. Spoon into rough heaps on greased oven tray, brush over with milk. Bake in hot oven until lightly browned on top and thoroughly hot. These look attractive served on a bed of green peas.

GRILLED SAUSAGES WITH BROWNED ONION SAUCE

(It's the sauce that makes this dish so good.)

Half pound white onions, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups vegetable stock or water, 1 tablespoon finely diced bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2lb. sausages.

Prepare sauce first. Peel and slice onions thinly, or chop. Melt fat in small saucepan, add sliced onions, brown lightly. Stir in flour, salt and pepper, allow to brown well. Add water and bacon, continue stirring until boiling. Cover and allow to simmer gently while preparing sausages. Prick sausages well, cover with warm water, bring almost to boiling point. Drain, allow to stand a few minutes to dry slightly. Place on hot grilling tray under red-hot griller, cook steadily 10 to 12 minutes or longer according to size; turn frequently. Serve at once on hot dish. Fold parsley into onion sauce and serve in separate bowl.

FIVE-MINUTE STEAKS

(Have the family at the table ready for these.)

One pound sirloin or rump steak, sliced thinly, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon very finely minced onion or shallot, salt and pepper, small quantity butter, chopped parsley.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces at least half an hour before cooking. Place on flat dish, sprinkle with lemon juice and onion. Stand 15 minutes, turn over, leave 15 minutes longer. Grill under red-hot griller, allowing no more than 3 minutes' cooking on either side. Spread lightly with butter, sprinkle with chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Serve immediately.

MANHATTAN LAMB GRILL

(See color photograph)

Four or six short loin chops—cut in one piece, but split so that they may be easily separated before cooking—6oz. sausage meat, 1 cup soft breaderumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon very finely chopped onion.

Combine sausage meat, crumbs, salt, parsley, and onion. Unroll flap of chops, spread with prepared sausage mixture, carefully re-roll. With very sharp knife cut into separate chops for grilling. Secure rolled end of each chop with 1 or 2 well-sharpened cocktail sticks to hold chops in shape while cooking. Place under red-hot griller, cook steadily 2 or 3 minutes to sear surface, turn and sear other side. Cook 8 to 12 minutes in all, according to thickness of chops; turn frequently for even cooking. Serve at once with bacon rolls and pineapple cubes grilled on skewers. Garnish with grilled tomato halves and parsley or mint sprigs.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

Combine equal quantities diced orange sections and small cubes of pineapple. Moisten with pineapple syrup, sprinkle with sherry. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving add halved strawberries. Pile into small glasses, top with halved strawberries and sprigs of mint.

GRILLED MARINADED STEAK

(Prepare in the morning for cooking later in the day.)

One pound rump steak, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 clove of garlic.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces, place on flat dish. Combine sauces, vinegar, mustard, finely minced garlic. Pour over steak, allow to stand 5 to 6 hours, turning once. Remove steak from marinade, place under red-hot griller. Cook 2 or 3 minutes on either side. Reduce heat, grill 10 to 12 minutes longer, turning for even cooking. Serve at once with parsley butter, and potato straws.

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They're new — cellulose film ROLLS in handy, economical 9 ft. lengths. Ask for them to-day at your favourite store. Cut food and leftovers keep fresh longer when they're wrapped in film. Stored household goods keep clean and sparkling, and you can see where they are. Gifts look twice as good and glamorous when they're cello'-wrapped. There are three special kinds of rolls.

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Save dish-washing by grating cheese and mixing messy foods on to film from the Household Roll.

Make gifts look gayer and more personal by wrapping them yourself with a length of film from the Gift Roll.

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Plain or Flavoured

Clements Tonic is prepared in two varieties — plain and flavoured. The flavoured mixture is favoured by children and adults with a sweet tooth, but the active ingredients of both plain and flavoured Clements Tonic are of the same high therapeutic standard.

17/C/48

LEAN PORK CHOPS are delicious browned on both sides, then cooked in an apricot-apple sauce, made by simmering 2 cups soaked dried apricots (or fresh apricots), 1 chopped apple, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pinch cloves, and water to cover. Rub through strainer, pour over chops in pan. Cover closely, simmer again until tender. Garnish with apricot halves.

Recipe Contest:

Home-tested favorites

● A prize of £10 is given each week for a recipe sent in by a reader, and £1 is awarded for all other recipes published.

THIS week simple recipes which impart variety to ordinary food have been chosen.

Stuffed mutton shoulder, caramel top date cake, fish creams with tomato puree, and Hawaiian shortbread, for which recipes are given on this page, are recommended as family fare.

KIDNEY-STUFFED MUTTON SHOULDER

One medium-sized shoulder of mutton, 2 or 3 kidneys, 1 rasher bacon, 1 small onion, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon chopped fresh thyme or pinch dried herbs, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, fat for frying, 1 dessertspoon melted fat, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 cup stock, salt and pepper to taste.

Wipe shoulder with damp cloth, remove bone. Skin and soak kidneys; remove rind from bacon, soak in hot water 2 or 3 minutes. Chop kidneys, onion, and bacon finely. Combine breadcrumbs, onion, kidneys, bacon, parsley, thyme, salt and pepper, mix well. Bind with beaten egg. Stuff firmly into bone socket, roll up shoulder, tie with strong cotton or fine string. Place in baking dish with fat. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until tender, allowing 25 minutes for each pound of meat. Baste frequently. Make gravy with fat, flour, stock or water, season with pepper and salt. Serve shoulder cut in slices with baked potatoes and green vegetables. Serve gravy piping hot in gravy boat.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. H. Martin, Maerannie, via Singleton, N.S.W.

HAWAIIAN SHORTBREAD

Four ounces margarine or butter, ¾ cup castor sugar, few drops vanilla essence, 1 egg, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt.

Filling: Half-cup sugar, ¾ cup crushed pineapple, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, 2 ripe bananas, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla essence. Add beaten egg and 1 tablespoon milk, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder and salt, making a stiff dough. Add more milk if necessary. Divide into two portions. Roll each on lightly floured board to fit 8in. cake-tin. Place one portion in 4in. press out evenly, spread prepared filling over surface, leaving 1in. uncovered at edges. Moisten edges, cover with second portion, press edges together. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 25 to 35 minutes. When cold, cut in squares. Serve topped with ice-cream and strawberries.

Filling: Place sugar and pineapple in saucepan, stir until sugar is dissolved, simmer 10 minutes. Blend cornflour with little pineapple juice, stir into pineapple. Cook 1 or 2 minutes, stirring constantly, allow to cool. Mash bananas, mix with lemon juice, add to cooled pineapple mixture.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Parker, 53 Waitara Pde., Hurstville, N.S.W.

FISH CREAMS WITH TOMATO PUREE

One pound cooked flaked fish, ¾ cup soft white breadcrumbs, pinch each of mace and cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, 2 egg-yolks, 1½ to 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red or green pepper (may be omitted).

Tomato Puree: One pound tomatoes, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Add milk to breadcrumbs, using sufficient to thoroughly moisten and barely cover. Add finely chopped fish, anchovy sauce, mace, cayenne pepper, diced red or green pepper. Beat yolks of eggs, add to fish, mixing in well. Fill into well-greased small moulds or one greased large mould as desired. Stand in boiling water, cover with greased paper, steam with lid on saucepan 10 to 15 minutes for small moulds, 20 to 30 minutes for large mould. Turn out carefully on to hot serving-dish, garnish with lemon wedges and parsley sprigs. Serve immediately with hot tomato puree.

Tomato Puree: Scald and skin tomatoes, chop roughly with peeled onion. Place in pan with butter, salt and pepper, cook gently until tender. Rub through coarse sieve or strainer, reheat before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. A. Nixon, "Carlisle," Ashby St., Fairfield 83, Qld.

CARAMEL TOP DATE CAKE

One cup dates, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 4oz. margarine or butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1¾ cups flour, ½ cup desiccated coconut.

Caramel Frosting: One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter, few drops vanilla essence, desiccated coconut or chopped mixed nuts to decorate.

Soak dates in boiling water in which bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved for 20 minutes, beat to a pulp. Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add eggs 1 at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in milk, coconut, and date pulp alternately. Lastly fold in sifted flour. Bake in greased slab-tin or 2 greased loaf-tins in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, top with caramel frosting.

Frosting: Dissolve sugar in milk over low heat, add butter, stir until boiling. Boil steadily until it reaches 238deg. F. (5 to 7 minutes) or when a little will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water and moulded between the fingers. Remove from heat, allow to cool. Add vanilla, beat until beginning to thicken, pour quickly over cake. Decorate with coconut or nuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Uren, 27 Clovelly Ave., Clarence Gardens, S.A.

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★ WHITENS . . . all white shoes

RHODA TAYLOR relaxes on the settee in her bed-sitting room, which she recently rejuvenated at little cost. The long and low coffee table in the foreground was once a bench with iron-pipe legs.

Designing a garden

MANY gardeners when laying out their plots appear to forget entirely that the design must lead somewhere to something — preferably the brightest spot in the garden—an effective background.

Most of the designs we see start at the back of the house, wander miserably through a few straggly trees and shrubs, and finish up at the vegetable garden, or a bare back fence. Such gardens can be said to start—and end—nowhere.

In the accompanying picture the designer, or landscape gardener, looked around the plot, laid it out on each side, and, finding the area flat, decided to lift it up with a dark-stained pergola for bougainvillea, lightened by a white archway and circular low railing filled with colorful dahlias.

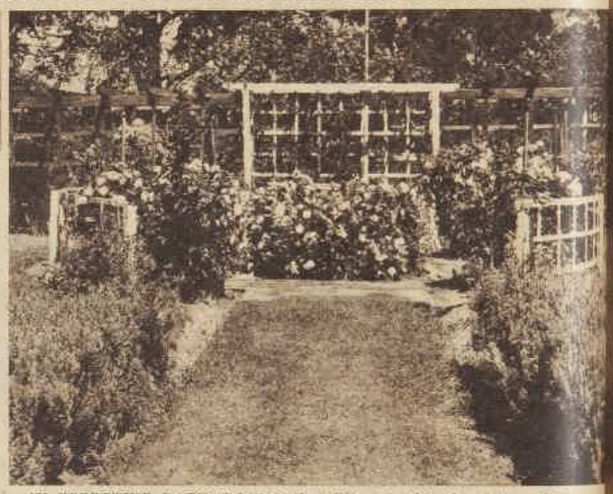
The grassed footpath, flanked by lavender hedges, led somewhere, and left the visitor staring at the purple glory of a Bougainvillea traillii and a massed bed of brilliant dahlias at foot.

This treatment lifted the flatness of the garden to the pergola, and the taller eucalypts and other trees in the rear. Such a plan may have provided concealment to a fence or wall, or something equally unsightly behind, but it gave the garden an air of completion—not frustration.

Flat gardens are always the most difficult to design, and frequently the most disappointing to the owner, but they can be greatly improved by excavating a sunken garden, which can be taken even lower by sinking a pool or swimming bath in the centre.

To still enhance the beauty of the sunken garden, steps or ramps at each end should be constructed, thus providing false topography that, nevertheless, is effective. Coming out of such a depression, which need not cost a lot of money to construct, the visitor or owner still receives an impression of height all round instead of an uninteresting flatness.

This effect is often used by park landscape gardeners where the land is flat. Trees are planted on the heights at one end, and, with rockeries or shrubberies suitably placed to conceal hidden beauties, the whole effect is to promote surprise.



AN EFFECTIVE BACKGROUND that lifts an otherwise flat garden, giving height and beauty at one time. The circular railing encloses massed dahlias, and a lavender hedge flanks the grassy footpath.

Hidden beauties

Tall shrubs and trees, or even perennials or biennials that reach six feet, such as hollyhocks, foxgloves, verbascums, or golden rod, add height to flat areas when placed well back, and these plants are often used to hide fences or walls, or to give stature to flattish beds that cannot be "raised" in any other way.

The bamboo-like (dahlia imperialis) tree dahlia, the tree daisy (Montanoa), lofty bamboos themselves, and many others can also be used as effective material for raising height in flat gardens, and their beautiful blooms and foliage make splendid backgrounds.

Tall, spire-like trees such as pencil pines, Lombardy poplars, blue spruces, deodars, cypresses, and the like all tend to give height to an otherwise flat garden. They should, of course, be used in the background. If shorter trees and shrubs are planted in the foreground they raise the visual effect gradually to the loftier trees at the rear and actually create the illusion of greater height where it does not really exist.

Most of our wattles grow from 12 to 20 feet, and if well placed, with tall shrubs such as the purple lasiandra, buddleias, or lilacs, can provide color and fragrance at the same time. Brooms and cassias, too, lend fragrance and beauty at the one time, and if fronted by duranta, eupatorium, and other contrasting shrubs, will make magnificent backgrounds.—**Our Home Gardener.**

BUILD FOR GOOD TEETH

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

PROSPECTIVE parents may not realise that a strong, healthy set of teeth is a most valuable asset for good health throughout life.

The development of baby's teeth begins in the early weeks of pregnancy, so that by the time baby is born each tiny tooth of both his first and second sets of teeth lies embedded in his jaws.

Proper pre-natal diet is therefore of the utmost importance, and should be rich in the special vitamins and minerals needed for good bone-building.

The diet of the nursing mother and of the baby after weaning (or before if baby is bottle fed) needs special thought and care.

You must fully understand the importance of right eating habits, of hard foods for good mastication, and the avoidance of semi-liquid foods, refined cereals, and sieved foods during the toddler stage.

Good dental hygiene and periodic examinations by your dentist are also very important factors in good dentition.

A chapter fully dealing with teething and the care of the teeth is to be found in "You and Your Baby," our recently published book on parentcraft, which can be ordered from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. If 7/6, plus 4d. postage (registration 3d. extra) is sent.

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WINDOW TREATMENT and the divan in Rhoda Taylor's room. Curtains are of unbleached calico, and so are the cushion covers, which are dyed in colors to harmonise or contrast with the other furnishings.

Dingy room now charming place

● When Rhoda Taylor, a young Victorian, walked into the room pictured here, in an old-fashioned flat in Toorak Road, Toorak, Victoria, it was a depressing sight.

THERE were ink and crayon marks on the walls; the mantelpiece, window - frames and ledge were stained dark brown, the curtains were henna, and the worn carpet had an orange, blue, grey, and black pattern.

Here is her story of how she made it over:

"Most landlords dislike having their property painted in unusual colors, so I started by kalsomining all the walls cream," Miss Taylor said.

"One packet, which cost 2/10, was enough to paint the walls, and the mantelpiece and window woodwork I painted cream at the cost of £1."

The floor covering involved the greatest amount of money, Miss Taylor added. She hunted high and low looking for something suitable, and finally settled for an Indian drugget of oatmeal shade, about half an inch thick, which she thinks should wear for 20 years. It cost £20.

With the background completed, the color scheme could be proceeded with.

Color contrasts

Miss Taylor's tip is to use colors to which your personality responds. You may feel you need soft, soothing colors around you, or bright, vital ones. Or you may like a mixture of both. She selected prune, yellow (combined with lime), and turquoise-blue.

"They were chosen because I had once seen a picture called 'Hop Pickers,' by the English artist Williamson," Miss Taylor said. "I liked it so much I sent to England for a poster copy of it for 3/-. Framing it in limed hardwood cost £1.

"My cushions are yellow, prune, and cream, made from unbleached sheeting which I dyed myself. The divan cover is light turquoise. The curtains are unbleached sheets . . . two for 30/-.

"The table was an absolute elephant, and I needed a long, low coffee table. So, when my mother told me where I could get one at a market for 12/6, I went off and bought it. It was more of a bench than a table, and had iron-pipe legs.

"But I mixed some lacquer to match the prune color in the picture, and, after stopping up the cracks with plastic wood, I painted my bench. Around the legs and the ends of the top I wound fairly fine, white blind cord, so that for £1 I had an ideal table.

"The room had no bookcase. I found a very old wall-hanger type at my grandmother's which only required a coat of cream paint and some blind cord to hang it, and I was set.

"The rest of my color was brought in by several wall-hangers of that green, creeping plant which grows in water, plus a little ivy, several pot-plants on the window ledge, and all my own little odds and ends of ornaments.

"It is impossible to get cream holland blinds in Melbourne at present, so I spent 10/11 on fine unbleached calico and made three of my own.

"Exclusive of the drugget floor covering, the amount of £5/6/9 was spent in the transformation, plus about another £1 for odds and ends. surely not too much to spend on someone else's property to ensure liveable surroundings for oneself," Miss Taylor said.

"My opinion is that if one's home surroundings are not relaxing and comfortable, then there is no escape at all from the increasing tempo of living, and nervous strain is bound to result.

"So even if the landlord is not inclined to spend money on improvements to a rented home or flat, a moderate outlay on paint and furnishings will return a good dividend in enjoyment in leisure hours."

FOR wiping over paint-work use warm soapy water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Rub over later with a clean, damp cloth.

Miss Precious Minutes says

USE scissors to cut parsley, lettuce, silver beet, and other leafy vegetables—it saves so much time.

* * *

TEA TOWELS can be kept whiter by placing the rind of a lemon in the water they are washed in.

* * *

ADD a little lemon or vinegar to water used for washing dishes after a meal of fish.

* * *

PILLOW-SLIPS will last longer if tape is stitched along the inside of the seams when they are new.

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* * *

TO make tomato sandwiches tastier dip the knife you are using to cut the tomatoes into raw onion. You'll add that piquant taste without the odor.

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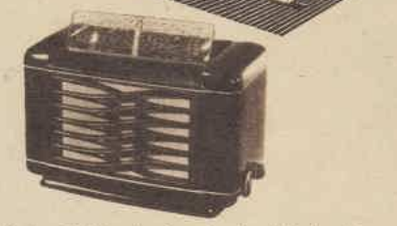

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Needlework Notions . . .

No. 1178.—THROWOVER
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No. 1179.—CUT-WORK SUPPER SET
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No. 1180.—LITTLE BOY'S OVERALL
The material is navy-and-white striped cambric, cut out ready to machine. Sizes: 18in. length, 2 years, 4/3, postage, 3½d. extra; 19in., 3 years, 4/11, postage, 3½d. extra; 20in., 4 years, 5/3, postage, 4½d. extra; 23in., 5-6 years, 5/9, postage, 4½d. extra.

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The nightgown and jacket are cut out, ready to make up, and full instructions are given. Material is white brocaded taffeta. Sizes: Nightgown, 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 31/6; postage, 1/- extra. Jacket, 32in. and 34in. bust, 10/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 11/6, postage, 8½d. extra. Complete set, 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/3, postage, 1/3½ extra; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/3, postage, 1/3½ extra.

● *When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1178, 1179, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment. C.O.D. orders are not accepted.*

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F5401.—A jacket dress—jacket on, a trim suit; jacket off, a chic one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for dress, and 2½yds. 36in. material for jacket. Price, 1/11.

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F5404.—Smoothly tailored two-piece, excellent for autumn and on into winter. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5405.—Prettiest line of the season in dress designed with a full skirt and low neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5407.—Child's slip and pantie set. Sizes 20, 23, and 27in. lengths, or 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for slip, and ½yd. 36in. material for panties. Price, 1/8.

● *TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 21.*

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HOLIDAYS are certain to mean extra strain for your feet. So, prepare for this now by bathing your feet nightly in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, rubbing them with Zam-Buk.

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